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THE RICH MAN'S BENEFACTOR.

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A poor man, miserably clad, was trundling a wheelbarrow load of stones. The day was hot and sultry, and the sweat poured in streams down his wasted, sun-burnt face. He looked labor-worn and discontented. His load was heavy, and as the wheel jarred over the inequalities in his way, the jerkings and contortions of his body were painful to look upon.

An elegant carriage, drawn by a pair of sleek, fat horses, drove by. In it sat the rich owner of many thousands of acres. His face wore, also, a look of discontent. Different as was his lot from that of the indigent day-laborer—surrounded, as he was, by all external means of happiness, waited upon, ministered to, courted, flattered—he was, if the truth were known, no happier than the poor complainer he had swept heedlessly by.

Two men were sitting at the window of a cottage, and saw this passing phase of human life.

"Poor Jim Coyle," said one of them, "I always pity that man."

"And poor Edward Logan," said the other, "I always pity him."

"You waste your pity, then," remarked the other, whose name was Howard.

"I am not so sure of that," was replied; "in my view old Mr. Logan is more entitled to sympathy than Jim Coyle, for he is, I think, the most miserable of the two. And where there is most wretchedness there is most need of pity."

"Let him pity himself," said Howard, a

little sharply, "if he stands in need of that sentiment. I'll waste none upon him. Having all the means of happiness within his reach, if he don't choose to enjoy himself, why, that's his business, not mine. There are enough of the hopelessly and helplessly wretched to look after."

"None more hopelessly and helplessly wretched, in my view, than Edward Logan," said the other, whose name was Strong. "True, he has the means of enjoyment, in rich abundance around him, and the same may be said of Jim Coyle. Both are unhappy because they fail to use aright the God-given powers they possess."

"I should like to see the rich abundance possessed by Jim Coyle," said Howard, looking at his friend with some surprise.

"The sources of happiness are not found in the mere possession of this world's goods, else would the rich only be in felicity, while the poor would be doomed to a joyless life. The true means of delight can be had in as great abundance by the one as by the other. Your Jim Coyles may be as happy as your Edward Logans; yet each remain, as to the possession of worldly goods, in the same condition as now."

"Do you mean to say, friend Strong," said Howard, "that Jim Coyle would not be happier if his toil were made lighter, and his reward continue the same?"

"He might be, but I have my doubts. There is a class of men that, like the bee, take

honey from the flowers; there is another class that, like the caterpillar, feed only on bitter leaves. I think both Jim Coyle and Edward Logan are of this latter class. They get no honey from the flowers. Place them in what circumstances you will, and they find the bitter, but not the sweet."

"Prettily enough said," answered Howard, "but not the fact, in my opinion. Observation tells me that a man's external condition has almost everything to do with his happiness. Can a man be happy who works in pain and weariness; who is hungry, while others are fed to repletion; whose famishing children cry to him for the bread which he cannot give them; who sees his wife wasting daily under the pressure of toil and duty, which he has no power to lighten; who is oppressed, and no one takes up his cause.—I tell you, my friend, the external condition has everything to do with a man's happiness!"

"Why then, let me ask, is not Mr. Logan happy? Could any condition be more favorable?"

"A guilty conscience, perhaps," said Howard.

"I was not aware," remarked Strong, "that there was occasion for trouble in that direction. What has he done? What crime has he committed? I never heard any great wrong charged against him. The world bears testimony that he is an honest man."

"He may be honest," was replied, "in the common acceptance of the word. But how a man, rolling in wealth, can see want and misery all around him, without relieving it, conscience clear, is more than I can understand."

"I judge no man," said Mr. Strong. "If, as to external act, he keeps the commandments inviolate, I leave his conscience with him and his God. But, as I said before, I think Mr. Logan quite as much entitled to sympathy as Jim Coyle—more so, in fact, for from habit, circumstance, and range of thought and feeling, he is capable of greater suffering. Jim Coyle's thoughts move in a very narrow circle; his wants have never grown into very large dimensions; give him idleness, and enough to eat and drink, and he will be satisfied. You cannot say this of Mr. Logan. He has every luxury the body can desire, and time enough to enjoy it. Is he happy? Look at his face!"

"I hardly have patience to hear you talk after this fashion," said the other. "Who cares whether he's happy or not, the hard-

hearted, close-fisted old wretch! Don't talk to me about pitying him."

"I pity him, nevertheless, and from my heart. I never see him but I set myself to pondering his case, turning it over and over, and searching in my thoughts for some way of helping him."

"You! You help Edward Logan!" and Howard laughed heartily at the idea. "You had better elect yourself his benefactor."

"Just what I've seriously thought of doing," said Strong, "Now let me make this proposition. You pity Jim Coyle. Elect yourself his benefactor. I pity Edward Logan, and will elect myself his benefactor. Keeping our own counsel, let us see if we cannot help both of these men to enjoy life better."

Sopewhat amused at this novel suggestion, Howard agreed, and the two men separated.

Mr. Strong was really in earnest. His business was that of a conveyancer and real estate agent. This brought him into frequent intercourse with Mr. Logan, and gave him opportunities for close observation. He knew the man well—his character, his means, his peculiarities, his weaknesses, and his prejudices. He loved money, it was his idol. He started in life with a small inheritance, determined to accumulate, and he had been successful. Dollar had been added to dollar, house to house, and field to field, until now, at sixty-five, he was the richest man in his neighborhood. But, as we have seen, wealth had not brought happiness; so far from it, if he was the richest man in his neighborhood, he might also be set down as the most miserable. He had one son, but, as he had loved money more than his child, the boy was neglected for gold. A neglected child is almost certain to wander from the right way, and get into the road to ruin. The feet of Mr. Logan's child went astray. He grew up self-willed, inclined to vices, and impatient of control. At twenty-one he was an idle, dissipated spendthrift. At thirty he was killed in a drunken brawl. Mr. Logan had also a daughter. But the one great pursuit of his life absorbed all his affections, and there were none left for the little blossom that opened in his household. She did not learn to love the cold, abstracted man she called her father. There was something about him that repelled her, something that prevented her from coming to his side or climbing upon his knee. He made chilly the atmosphere of his home, so that this flower did not unfold in richness and fragrance. The mother was a nervous invalid, between whom and her hus-

band no true sympathy existed. If they had ever loved each other, their love died and was buried long before little Helen grew into conscious girlhood.

When Helen was nineteen, a not very remarkable circumstance occurred, but one which had the effect to set the mind of Mr. Logan all on fire with interest for his daughter. A young man in the neighborhood, who had nothing to recommend him but a good education, integrity of character, industry, and poverty, was bold enough to ask for the hand of Helen in marriage. Mr. Logan said "No" in anger and insult. Things turned out as they usually do in such cases, and the young lovers took the responsibility of getting married. The feet of Helen, since that time, had never recrossed the threshold of her father's house, and though ten long years had intervened, she had known more of true happiness during that period than had ever come to her heart before. The neat little cottage, where she lived with her husband and children, stood not very far away from her father's imposing mansion, and if the old man did not look upon it daily, it was because he turned his eyes resolutely away. Long ago the daughter had ceased to make any overtures to her father. All that she could do to break down the hard wall of separation, she had done. But he refused to be reconciled. For a time he sternly forbade all intercourse between the mother and daughter; but the former set, at last, his interdiction at defiance, and now few days passed in which her heart did not grow warm in the sunny home of her child.

The husband of Helen was principal in our academy, and highly esteemed by all who knew him. He was a true, good man; but as he did not possess the talent of money-making, he was of no account in the eyes of Mr. Logan.

Thus it was with the richest man in the neighborhood; and Mr. Strong was right when he said he was the unhappiest. On the day following that on which our story opens, the conveyancer called over at Elm Grove, the name of Mr. Logan's beautiful place. He was really in earnest in his desire to throw some gleams of sunshine on the rich man's shadowed way. He had often thought of his case, and often pitied him. The conversation with Mr. Howard stimulated his thought into a purpose, and now he had called to observe Mr. Logan a little more closely, and see if there was any way to lead him out of himself, for he knew that it was because he was immersed in self, that life, as to all enjoyment, had proved a

failure. He found Mr. Logan sitting in the little office where he usually transacted business, holding a newspaper in his hands, and apparently reading. From the expression of his face, as he looked up, it was plain that his thoughts were by no means agreeably occupied.

"Good morning," said Mr. Strong, cheerfully.

"Good morning," returned Mr. Logan, a kind of growling welcome in his voice. He arose, as he spoke, and offered his visitor a chair.

"A fine day," remarked Mr. Strong.

"Is it?" and Mr. Logan turned his eyes wearily toward the window. "I don't notice the weather half the time, unless, maybe, when it rains and I can't get out. Anything new stirring, Mr. Strong?"

"Nothing of special interest."

Mr. Logan sighed heavily, and let his eyes fall to the floor. There were a few moments of silence, when Mr. Strong said:

"You are not well this morning?"

"I can't say that I am ever very well. Between rheumatism and a bad digestion, I never know what it is to feel comfortable in body. But if rheumatism and dyspepsia were all a man had to bear in the world, he might thank God morning and night, and go all day with a cheerful countenance. It is the mind, sir, in which exist the most painful maladies. There are such words as peace, contentment, tranquillity, and the like, but I fear they only express ideal states. Do you know what contentment is, Mr. Strong? Did you ever lie down at night and feel satisfied with the day? I sometimes think that life is a mere cheating dream—that we are the sport of superior beings who laugh at our folly and infatuation."

Mr. Strong had never before seen the rich man in this frame of mind. He was usually cold and uncommunicative. Their intercourse had scarcely ever reached beyond business themes, and he was, therefore, not a little surprised at this revelation of himself.

"The words peace, contentment, and tranquillity," said the visitor, "do not, in my opinion, express mere ideal states; they are conditions of mind attainable by all, and are independent of things external."

"I wish that I could think so," replied Mr. Logan, shaking his head doubtfully.

"It is as true, sir, as that the sun shines. God made every man for happiness."

"Then His work has proved a signal failure," replied Mr. Logan.

"Man's fault—not God's."

"I will not quarrel with you as to where the fault lies; the fact is written everywhere on men's faces. Neither age nor condition is spared. All—all are wretched."

"But not alike," suggested Mr. Strong. "Some faces we meet lie in perpetual shadow, while others are forever breaking into rippling waves of sunshine."

"There is a difference in temperament, I know," said Mr. Logan, moodily.

"But temperament is not all. It is the quality of a man's life that usually makes his shadows or his sunshine."

"I am not sure that I understand you," and Mr. Logan looked at his visitor curiously.

"And I am not sure that you would understand me if I explained myself." Mr. Strong smiled as he said this.

"Suppose you venture the explanation," and the rich man smiled feebly in return.

After pausing a few moments to collect his thoughts, the visitor said—

"Happiness is not a thing to be sought after as an end. It is simply a resultant state of mind. If our life flows on in heavenly order, happiness comes as a consequence; if adverse to heavenly order, unhappiness is the consequence. I narrow the proposition down to its simplest terms. The question arises, what is heavenly order? and the answer is, that order which is in agreement with the character of man's Creator. Now, the Bible tells us that God is love. We need not stop to prove that this love is a love of blessing His creatures. It is not self-love, but the love of doing good. God is infinitely wise, good, and happy. Is it not plain that our love must be like His love if we would be wise, good, and happy; a love that seeks to bless others rather than to secure blessings for ourselves? Mr. Logan, it is because thought is ever turning inward upon the little world of self; and not outward in good will toward others, that so many of us are discontented. We sow our seed upon a very narrow piece of ground, and the harvest is small, instead of scattering it broadcast over rich fields, that would fill our garner with teeming abundance. God made no single man for himself, but a world full of men, to love and minister to each other and be happy together. He who withdraws himself into himself, and tries to be happy alone, always fails miserably. It has been so from the beginning, and will be so to the end. There is no exception to the rule."

Mr. Logan sat very still, with his eyes upon the floor, while Mr. Strong was speaking.

"There is something in what you say that never came into my thought before," said the rich man, lifting his eyes and fixing them steadily on the face of his visitor.

"Turn it over in your mind—look at it upon all sides—ponder it well. As you live, and as I live, the secret of happiness lies within the compass of what I have said."

The two men sat silent, now, for several minutes, with thoughtful faces. Believing that to press the subject on the mind of Mr. Logan would be to confuse it, Mr. Strong thought it best to change the theme, and said:

"I was looking at that acre lot of yours down by the factory the other day, and I'll tell you what came into my mind. You know the wretched way in which the mill people live. There is nothing better for them than shanties and miserable hovels, that disgrace the name of houses. Now, you are rich, Mr. Logan, and you would make yourself a public benefactor by laying that acre out into good sized lots, and covering it with well built, pleasant little cottages for these poor mill people."

"Are you jesting or in earnest?" Mr. Logan looked at his companion with unfeigned surprise.

"In earnest."

"Humph! I don't see that these mill people have more claims on my benevolence than any of the ten thousand poor wretches that may be picked up within a circle of twenty miles. I may be rich to-day, but if I began the work of squandering my money after that fashion, I would be penniless in less than six months. Oh, no! Mr. Strong, I am not so charitable as that! Let the mill owners provide proper tenements for their operatives. It is their business, not mine."

"I speak of it as an investment," remarked the other.

"Such as no prudent man would make. I'm too shrewd for an operation of that character," and his eyes gleamed with mingled cunning and intelligence.

"Don't dismiss the subject quite so summarily," said Mr. Strong, smiling. "I think I can show you that the investment I propose will pay handsomely. In a day or two, if you do not object, I will bring plans and specifications that I am sure will interest you. Shall I do so?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly! no harm can be done. Looking at specifications will not commit me to the foolish work of building the cottages."

"So much gained," said Mr. Strong, as he

went musing on his way homeward. In a few days he returned to the house of Mr. Logan with his plan for the cottages, in a perspective drawing, that made quite a handsome picture. It presented a score of pretty little houses, each with its neat yard filled with shrubbery. Mr. Logan was pleased with the sketch, and listened patiently to all the conveyancer said on the subject. In the end he was won over, not, however, we are free to say, through any benevolent feeling toward the poor operatives, but because he saw that pecuniarily the investment would be a good one.

"So far so good," was the thought of Mr. Strong. "Once get him fairly into this work, and his interest in these poor people must be awakened. My task shall be to keep the thought of them before him. Humane feelings are almost dead in his heart, but not past recovery, I hope. There are states of pity and compassion laid up there in childhood, which, if we can revive, will stir its pulses with kind emotions."

Within a month after this improvement of Mr. Logan's acre lot, near the mill, was suggested, workmen were on the ground. Mr. Strong had been forward in speaking of the plan as involving a public benefit, and highly creditable to the projector. Taking the cue, people congratulated Mr. Logan on his liberal spirit, and some made free to tell him that he was the only man in the neighborhood who had let true benevolence go hand in hand with enterprise.

The rich man was flattered by all this, and took credit to himself for a generosity that he did not possess. It was better for him, however, to do good from a selfish end than not to do good at all—better for himself and better for others.

As the cottages progressed Mr. Logan took more and more interest in them. He was on the ground every day, giving directions to the workmen. Mr. Strong, without seeming to intrude, managed to throw himself in Mr. Logan's way frequently. He always said something pleasant about the little cluster of cottages that were springing up under the hands of busy workmen, as if by magic.

"What a pleasant change it will be for these poor work people," he would remark sometimes; "how happy they will be! These light, neat, airy rooms will seem like palace-homes to them in contrast with the mean, filthy hovels in which they are now living. Health of mind as well as body will result in the change. And their little children—what a

blessed translation for them also! I seem to hear their voices singing musically from every part of that acre lot, on which pleasant houses are now springing up, where only rank weeds flourished a little while ago. Every good act has its reward, and for this good act yours will surely come."

In due time the cottages were completed. Many little conveniences not at first contemplated were introduced by the proprietor, adding to the cost, but securing greater comfort to the tenants. Some generous feelings were beginning to stir in the heart of the rich man. He was so often praised for his benevolence that he began to wish for the real sentiment, and actually forced himself to make expenditures upon the cottages beyond the original estimates.

On the day Mr. Logan's new tenants took possession of their pleasant homes, he was on the ground, a witness of their delight. It was years since he had felt so all pervading a sense of pleasure. Mr. Strong was there also, closely observing the rich man, toward whom his feelings of benevolence had moved so earnestly, and, as the sequel had proved, so fruitfully, a year ago.

"Have I done him any good? Is he any happier than on that day when I looked at his miserable face as he rode in his elegant carriage past Jim Coyle, the tired, discontented day laborer? Yes! he is happier, and I trust something better, or, at least, in the way of growing better. But why is he happier? Because he has made a good investment, and has the interest, or rents, secured to him by the mill owners? No. This is not the real source of his better feelings. He is conscious of having done good—of having improved the condition of more than a hundred men, women, and children. It is the thought of this that warms his heart, and sends a pleasant glow through all his being."

Does the reader ask, what of Jim Coyle? Did Mr. Howard try any benevolent experiments with him? Let us see.

Jim Coyle was an Irishman of rather a low order of intellect. He could neither read nor write, and was very little removed from the animal as to appetites and propensities. He had to work hard at the lowest kind of drudgery, because he was unskilled in any art, and could not be trusted where thought and intelligence were required. His tools were the pick-axe and shovel, and a wheelbarrow was the most complicated piece of machinery with which he could be trusted. So Jim Coyle dug

cellars and ditches, bent wearily under hods of brick and mortar, trundled heavy stones in his wheelbarrow, broke stones on the roads in the hot July days, and did other useful work of the same laborious character. Jim Coyle was a useful man in his way. If he had possessed more intelligence and more ambition, he might have been useful in a higher degree, when the mind, sharing the body's toil, would have made lighter the burden that rested on his shoulders. But Jim Coyle, like most people, was not fond of work. He knew he had a hard time of it, and he took care that others should know it as well as himself, for he was the most inveterate complainer in the neighborhood. Jim had a wife and two children, and if he had denied himself his tobacco and grog—though we will not say that Jim drank to intoxication—they would have had many more comforts than they now enjoyed.

Mr. Howard, stimulated by the conversation with his neighbor Strong, resolved to befriend this Irishman. So he stopped Jim on the road a day or two afterward, to have a talk with him. The kind interest he manifested drew out Jim, who talked volubly of his hardships and troubles.

"Dade, an' yer honor," said Jim, straightening himself up, "this whalin' of stone is the most back-akinist work iver done by mortal mon. Whin I git home at night I feel as if ivery bone in me body was out ov jint. Och, sure! but it's a misery to live in this way, yer honor. Betther be dead an' lying in the grave—and after all, not to get more nor enough to kape sowl and body together—to feel the hunger-pain that wont let ye slape at night, yer honor. Ah, sirs! thot's the throuble!"

"How much do you make a-day?" asked Mr. Howard.

"Niver more nor a dollar, yer honor, when I have work."

"And you have a wife and two children?"

"Yes, yer honor—Nell and the two babbies, bless their dear sows!"

"A dollar a day, and not employed all the while?" said Mr. Howard thoughtfully.

"Thot's all, yer honor, ivery cint—and a wife and two childther to see after."

"It's a hard case, certainly," remarked Mr. Howard.

"Dade, and yez may well say thot!" answered Jim.

"Can't you get into some easier work—something that will give better wages, and be more certain?"

"I don't know, yer honor. There's nobody to care for Jim Coyle, or to spake a word for him when a good sitation is to be had."

"What can you do, Jim?"

"Do, yer honor, is it? Faix, an' a'most any thing that any other handy boy can do."

"Very well, Jim, said Mr. Howard encouragingly, "I'll bear you in mind, and if I see anything lighter and better than your present employment, will put in a good word for you."

"Och! hiven bless yer honor!" ejaculated Coyle, lifting his brimless straw hat. "Yer the first Christian mon that's said a rael Christian word till me these two years. Hiven bless yez!"

Mr. Howard now took up Jim Coyle's case in good earnest, and tried to interest people in his favor; but Jim's character and capabilities were pretty well known throughout the neighborhood, and it was generally thought that he was about as well off as he deserved to be. So Mr. Howard failed to awaken any very decided interest in his protégé. He was getting rather discouraged, when one day a miller, who lived five or six miles distant, asked him if he knew of a good, trusty man, who was out of employment. He wanted him to work about the mill and make himself generally useful, in and out of doors. Among his duties would be the receiving and weighing of grain, and the delivery of flour; and as the mill would have to be left sometimes entirely in his charge, the miller was particular in saying that the man must be intelligent and trustworthy.

"What wages will you pay?" asked Mr. Howard.

"If a single man," replied the miller, "twenty-two dollars a month and found. If a married man, thirty dollars a month, with a small house and a garden."

Mr. Howard thought a few moments, and then said, against his better convictions—

"I think I know just the man."

"Who, and where is he?" asked the miller.

"He is an Irishman named Coyle, who has been working about here for some time as a common laborer. It is only a few weeks since I was talking with him about his circumstances, and he expressed himself very desirous of getting into a situation where he would be less exposed to the weather and have a more certain income. He lives about a quarter of a mile from here; suppose you call and see him."

"If I were not in such a hurry to get back home," replied the miller, "I would call

on him. But I think I may venture to take him on your recommendation."

"Then I will send him over," said Mr. Howard. "I think you'll find him just the man you want. A little awkward, at first, no doubt, but he'll come into your ways and make a valuable assistant."

The miller went on his way, and Mr. Howard sought Jim Coyle, not, it must be owned, without some misgivings as to the Irishman's fitness for the place. Jim was in ecstasies at his promised good fortune, and called upon all the saints in the calendar to shower their blessings on the head of his benefactor. On the next day he went over to the mill with a note from Mr. Howard, and secured the place. The miller was very far from being favorably impressed at first sight, but he knew Mr. Howard very well, had confidence in him, and took his word against his own impressions.

One week after Jim Coyle entered upon his new employment, the miller, who had found him not only stupid, but unreliable, where strict accuracy was important, ventured to leave him in charge of the mill while he went to the landing, two miles distant, to see about some grain he designed purchasing. Very particular directions were given to Coyle about observing the hoppers, lest they should become empty. The head of water was even, the mill-stones carefully adjusted, and the only thing required was to see that the hoppers were supplied with grain. To make Coyle thoroughly understand what he had to do, the miller, before leaving, took him to the garners above the grinding floor, and explained to him that he must keep the grain well heaped up over the feeding spouts.

For half an hour after the miller left, Coyle stalked about the mill, up stairs and down, with quite a feeling of self-consequence at being in sole charge of the establishment. Walking out, at length, upon the forebay, his eyes were attracted by a multitude of fish swimming about in clear water. He had done some little fishing in the mill-dam since his change of residence, and the sight of two or three large sun-fish threw his mind into quite an excitement. His rod and line, which were in the mill, were brought into immediate requisition, and Jim's vocation changed from that of miller to angler. Mill-stones, hopper, garner, grain, and all that appertained to miller-craft, vanished from the thoughts of Coyle. He had made a dozen finny captives, and was just casting his hook again, when a terrific explosion in the mill caused him to

spring full five feet in the air; a crash and jar followed which seemed as if it would shatter the building to its very foundation.

With an exclamation of terror, Jim started off, running at a wild speed; and but for the timely arrival of neighbors, the building would have been consumed by fire.

The hopper above one of the pairs of mill-stones had become empty, and the resistance of the grain being lost, the stone revolved with such an increased speed that fire was struck out in the friction of the upper upon the lower stone, and this had set the wood-work surroundings in a blaze. The explosion was occasioned by the bursting of the upper mill-stone, consequent upon its great velocity. The fragment thrown off weighed over six hundred pounds, and it struck the wall of the building with such violence as to shatter it seriously. The fire was readily extinguished; but the injury occasioned by Jim Coyle's neglect of duty in a position of responsibility, cost the miller over a hundred dollars to repair. It might have cost him thousands.

Thus much for Mr. Howard's benevolent, but ill-advised attempt to improve the condition of an Irishman who was filling the highest position he could occupy with safety to the interest of others, and who complained of a lot that was the best for him, all things considered.

And so ended the work of this poor man's benefactor, who gave up the case as a hopeless one, and retired ingloriously from the field.

But Mr. Strong's success stimulated him to further efforts in behalf of the "rich repiner," whose unhappy condition had awakened his sympathies. There could be no peace of mind for him while he lived in angry estrangement from his child, and his benefactor's next effort had in view a reconciliation.

In pursuance of his general purpose, Mr. Strong threw himself frequently into Mr. Logan's way, and showed an intelligent interest in all his affairs that came into view. After a while, Mr. Logan began to talk with him about himself and his affairs more freely than to any other living man. He was naturally suspicious of those who approached him with any degree of familiarity, but Mr. Strong had managed to disarm him, and he was entirely off of his guard. He believed the conveyancer to be a true, disinterested friend, and he was right. He was always pleased to converse with Mr. Strong, who had a manly, straightforward, common sense way of looking at things, and who could demolish

a false position, or dissolve a sophism, in such fitting words, that truth became self-evident. To himself, Mr. Logan acknowledged the correction of more than one erroneous view of life, in acting upon which he had aforesaid met sad disappointments.

One day, some three or four months after the completion of the cottages, Mr. Logan and Mr. Strong stood together upon a gently rising piece of ground not far from the academy conducted by his son-in-law, between whom and himself not a word had passed since the day of his daughter's marriage. The piece of ground was owned by Mr. Logan.

"Why don't you build here?" asked Mr. Strong. "I have always thought this one of the most beautiful sites in the neighborhood."

"It is a beautiful site," replied Mr. Logan; "but why should I build here?" He looked at Mr. Strong as he said this, as if he suspected that there was something in his mind.

"It would be such a handsome improvement," was suggested, "and if the house were not too costly it would readily find a purchaser."

A shadow darkened over the rich man's face. Mr. Strong saw his lips close tightly, and noticed that his hands were shut, and that the fingers worked uneasily against the palms.

"No, sir," he answered, with marked feeling—"no, sir; I will not sell this property, sir!" and he turned suddenly upon Mr. Strong, his countenance showing much agitation. "Sir! I bought this piece of ground more than twenty-six years ago—bought it on the day my daughter was one year old—bought it for her!" The muscles of his face quivered almost convulsively. He paused, still looking at his companion steadily—"no, sir"—more emphatically, I will not sell this lot so long as I live!"

This was a revelation not expected by Mr. Strong. He saw deeper into the heart of the rich man than he had ever seen before, and gained a knowledge of what he knew would give him increased power over him—a power that he meant to use only for good.

They walked down from that greenly swelling eminence in silence, and neither spoke again until they had reached a point where their ways divided. Then, as they stood still again, Mr. Strong said—

"You are right, sir—do not sell that property; but"—and he looked earnestly at Mr. Logan—"for all that, build!"

They had clasped hands, as friends do, about parting. Nothing more was said; but

they looked at each other steadily for a few moments, hand closed tightly upon hand—then the grip was relaxed, they turned from one another, and each went his own way.

"Build—build!" murmured the rich man to himself as he walked slowly homeward; "what does he mean?" Some light must have dawned upon his mind, giving birth to a purpose; for one day, about three weeks afterward, as Mr. Strong was passing in the neighborhood of the ground just mentioned, he was surprised to see half a dozen men busily at work. On approaching nearer, he perceived that they were digging for the foundation of a house.

"So you are going to build," said he to Mr. Logan, on meeting him two or three days afterward.

"Yes; your suggestion pleased me on reflection. The spot is beautifully situated, and I mean to improve it handsomely."

As Mr. Logan did not seem disposed to communicate anything further at the time, Mr. Strong was careful not to press him with any questions.

Steadily the new improvement went on, and at the end of four or five months an elegant and commodious house stood forth in all its fair proportions. Then the grounds were laid out in the most tasteful style, choice shade and fruit trees were planted, and vines and shrubbery scattered around in liberal profusion. It seemed as if Mr. Logan did not know where to rest the work of ornament.

One day he was standing alone on the piazza of the house, looking over a grassy lawn that stretched away to a pleasant little summer-house, against which newly planted vines were just beginning to spread out their delicate green leaves, when a little boy about six years old came singing along one of the gravelled walks. The child did not see Mr. Logan until he came within a few feet of him. Then he stood still and looked up into his face. He had dark, lustrous blue eyes, a broad, white forehead, and a soft, loving mouth. At first there was a startled look in the child's countenance, and a shadow like fear in his eyes; but these vanished in a moment; he came a step or two nearer, still looking up at Mr. Logan; then paused again and said, in a musical voice, and in a free, confident way,

"Aint you my grandpa?"

Nothing could have taken Mr. Logan more by surprise than this question. In the hardness of his heart he had refused even to notice his daughter's children, although their grandmother occasionally brought one and another

of them home with her, in the faint hope that their presence might stir in his heart some tender emotions. But Mr. Logan had suspected her motive, and so held himself sternly aloof. He did not, therefore, know this child when its tender little face was first uplifted to his. But the word "grandpa" went like an electric throb to the centre of being. There was no mistaking the child—his daughter's eyes looked up into his. A strange softness came over him, a tenderness that seemed foreign to his nature; his heart swelled in his bosom, his vision was dimmed. For some moments he stood looking at the fair creature before him, with no answer upon his tongue. Then sitting down he reached out both hands, and the child came and laid his soft little hands within them, still looking up, half doubtfully, half lovingly, in the old man's face.

"Aint you my grandpa?" The question was repeated more earnestly than at first.

The fingers of Mr. Logan closed tightly on the little hands that lay within them, and bending down, he left a kiss on the boy's pure forehead.

"I knew you was my grandpa," said the child innocently, and he began stroking Mr. Logan's beard and patting his cheeks in a fond, familiar way. Every touch of that little hand was like a giant's stroke against the ice barrier which pride, selfishness, and avarice had built up between him and his long estranged daughter—and in a few moments it lay upon the earth in ruins.

"Who's going to live here, grandpa?" asked the little one. Now that he had made terms with the stern old man, at whom he had only looked, heretofore, timidly, and at a distance, the questioning spirit of childhood began to run free.

"Somebody," replied Mr. Logan, giving a smile of encouragement.

"Who is somebody?" was asked, with that earnestness we see in children.

"You shall know one of these days," and Mr. Logan moved his hand caressingly over the little one's head, and played musingly with the soft curls of his sunny hair.

"Willie! Willie!" a voice in anxious tones suddenly startled the old man. He looked around, but saw no one.

"Here I am, mamma," answered back the child, without stirring from his place. In the next moment a woman, with a half frightened face, came into view around one of the angles of the house, and stood still within a few feet of Mr. Logan. She clasped her hands and

looked at him with a surprised, eager, hopeful expression on her countenance, as fixed, for a moment, as a marble statue. She had come at the right time. Mr. Logan extended his arms and said—

"Oh, Helen!" with a gush of feeling in his voice that swept aside everything that stood between him and his child. The next instant Helen lay sobbing on his bosom.

It happened that Mr. Strong was passing that way, and that he had turned in from the road a little while before to look at the new building; and it happened that he came in view of the piazza in time to witness that touching scene. It was sacred to them alone, and he retired quickly, without being observed. A week later, and the reconciliation of Mr. Logan with his daughter and her husband was the talk of the neighborhood. Everybody seemed pleased, and it was a common remark that the old man had a softened look, and a kinder manner than had been observed in him for years.

The improvement around the new house went steadily onward; then the work of furnishing began, under the supervision of Mrs. Logan.

"For whom is all this?" asked Mr. Strong, with a pleasant smile, as he looked in one day at the new dwelling, and admired the tasteful elegance with which it was furnished in every part.

Mr. Logan took his hand, and pressed it warmly, saying—

"You have guessed, of course. Do you remember that day you said to me 'build?' My mind was just then groping about in the dark, trying to find the right way. That word gave me the clue, and I have found it. I said that I would never sell this ground, and I will not. I bought it for my child, and it is hers. May God make us both happier than we have been for the last ten years—me especially, for in this long estrangement I have been the most wretched of the two. Mr. Strong! I call you my benefactor; for your suggestions, your leadings, your wise, true, earnest words, fitly spoken, have led me on, step by step, though I knew not whither my feet were tending, until I stand this day where I never thought to stand in this world. I am a happy father, and, compared with what I have been in times past, a happy man. I thank you from my heart! I repeat, you are my benefactor, and in blessing me you have made me the instrument of blessing many others. May your reward be sweet!"

And it was sweet.

AFTER THE STORM.*

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAP. XXIV.

A clatter of machinery, a rush of waters, and the boat glanced onward; but still, Hartley Emerson stood motionless and statue-like, his eyes fixed upon the shore, until the swiftly-gliding vessel bore him away, and the object which had held his vision by a kind of fascination, was concealed from view.

"An angel, if there ever was one on this side of heaven!" said a voice close to his ear. Emerson gave a start, and turned quickly. A man plainly dressed stood beside him. He was of middle age, and had a mild, grave, thoughtful countenance.

"Of whom do you speak?" asked Emerson, not able entirely to veil his surprise.

"Of the lady we saw go ashore at the landing just now. She turned and looked at us. You could not help noticing her."

"Who is she?" asked Emerson, and then held his breath awaiting the answer. The question was almost involuntary, yet prompted by a suddenly awakened desire to hear the world's testimony in regard to Irene.

"You don't know her then?" remarked the stranger.

"I asked who she was." Emerson intended to say this firmly, but his voice was unsteady. "Let us sit down," he added, looking around; and then leading the way to where some unoccupied chairs were standing. By the time they were seated he had gained the mastery over himself.

"You don't know her then?" said the man, repeating his words. "She is well known about these parts, I can assure you. Why, that was old Mr. Delancy's daughter. Did you never hear of her?"

"What about her?" was asked.

"Well, in the first place, she was married some ten or twelve years ago, to a lawyer down in New York; and in the second place, they didn't live very happily together—why, I never heard. I don't believe it was her fault, for she's the sweetest, kindest, gentlest lady it has ever been my good fortune to meet. Some people around Ivy Cliff call her the 'Angel,' and the word has meaning in it as applied to her. She left her husband, and he got a divorce, but didn't charge anything wrong

against her. That I suppose, was more than he dared to do, for a snow-flake is not purer."

"You have lived in the neighborhood?" said Emerson, keeping his face a little averted.

"Oh, yes, sir. I have lived about here pretty much all my life."

"Then you knew Miss Delancy before she was married?"

"No, sir; I can't say that I knew much about her before that time. I used to see her now and then, as she rode about the neighborhood. She was a gay, wild girl, sir. But that unhappy marriage made a great change in her. I cannot forget the first time I saw her after she came back to her father's. She seemed to me older, by many years, than when I last saw her, and looked like one just recovered from a long and serious illness. The brightness had passed from her face, the fire from her eyes, the spring from her footsteps. I believe she left her husband of her own accord, but I never knew that she made any complaint against him. Of course, people were very curious to know why she had abandoned him. But her lips must have been sealed, for only a little vague talk went floating around. I never heard a breath of wrong charged against him as coming from her."

Emerson's face was turned still more away from his companion, his eyes bent down, and his brows firmly knit. He did not ask farther, but the man was on a theme that interested him, and so continued.

"For most of the time since her return to Ivy Cliff, the life of Miss Delancy has been given to Christian charities. The death of her father was a heavy stroke. It took the life out of her for a while. Since her recovery from that shock she has been constantly active among us in good deeds. Poor sick women know the touch of her gentle hand, and the music of her voice. She has brought sunlight into many wintry homes, and kindled again, on hearths long desolate, the fires of loving kindness. There must have been some lack of true appreciation on the part of her husband, sir. Bitter fountains do not send forth sweet waters like these. Don't you think so?"

"How should I know?" replied Emerson, a little coldly. The question was sprung upon him so suddenly that his answer was given in confusion of thought.

"We all have our opinions, sir," said the man, "and this seems a plain case. I've heard said that her husband was a hot-headed, self-willed, ill-regulated young fellow, no more fit to get married than to be President. That he

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by J. W. Bradley, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

didn't understand the woman—or, maybe, I should say, child—whom he took for his wife, is very certain, or he never would have treated her in the way he did!"

"How did he treat her?" asked Mr. Emerson.

"As to that," replied his talkative companion, "we don't know anything certain. But we shall not go far wrong in guessing that it was neither wise nor considerate. In fact, he must have outraged her terribly."

"This, I presume, is the common impression about Ivy Cliff?"

"No," said the man, "I've heard him well spoken of. The fact is, people are puzzled about the matter. We can't just understand it. But, I'm all on her side."

"I wonder she has not married again?" said Emerson. "There are plenty of men who would be glad to wed so perfect a being as you represent her to be."

"She marry!" There was indignation and surprise in the man's voice.

"Yes; why not?"

"Sir; she is a Christian woman!"

"I can believe that, after hearing your testimony in regard to her," said Emerson. But he still kept his face so much turned aside that its expression could not be seen.

"And reads her Bible."

"As we all should."

"And what is more, believes in it," said the man emphatically.

"Don't all Christian people believe in the Bible?" asked Mr. Emerson.

"I suppose so, after a fashion; and a very queer fashion it is, sometimes."

"How does this lady, of whom you speak, believe in it differently from some others?"

"In this, that it means what it says on the subject of divorce."

"Oh! I understand. You think that if she were to marry again it would be in the face of conscientious scruples?"

"I do."

Mr. Emerson was about asking another question, when one of the party to which he belonged joined him, and so the strange interview closed. He bowed to the man with whom he had been conversing, and then passed to another part of the boat.

With slow steps, that were unsteady from sudden weakness, Irene moved along the road that led to her home. After reaching the grounds of Ivy Cliff she turned aside into a small summer house, and sat down at one of the windows that looked out upon the river as it

stretched upward in its gleaming way. The boat she had just left was already far distant, but it fixed her eyes, and they saw no other object until it passed from view around a wooded point of land. And still she sat motionless, looking at the spot where it had vanished from her sight.

"Miss Irene!" exclaimed Margaret, the faithful old domestic, who still bore rule at the homestead, breaking in upon her reverie, "what in the world are you doing here! I expected you up to-day, and when the boat stopped at the landing and you didn't come, I was uneasy, and couldn't rest. Why, child, what is the matter? You're sick!"

"O no, Margaret, I'm well enough," said Irene, trying to smile indifferently. And she arose and left the summer-house.

Kind, observant old Margaret was far from being satisfied, however. She saw that Irene was not as when she departed for the city a week before. If she were not sick in body she was troubled in her mind, for her countenance was so changed that she could not look upon it without feeling a pang in her heart.

"I'm sure you're sick, Miss Irene," she said, as they entered the house. "Now, what is the matter? What can I do or get for you? Let me send over for Dr. Edmondson?"

"No—no, my good Margaret, don't think of such a thing," replied Irene. "I'm not sick."

"Something's the matter with you, child," persisted Margaret.

"Nothing that won't cure itself," said Irene, trying to speak cheerfully. "I'll go up to my room for a little while."

And she turned away from her kind-hearted domestic. On entering her chamber Irene locked the door in order to be safe from intrusion, for she knew that Margaret would not let half an hour pass without coming up to ask how she was. Sitting down by the window, she looked out upon the river, along whose smooth surface had passed the vessel in which, a little while before, she met the man once called by the name of husband—met him, and looked into his face for the first time in ten long years! The meeting had disturbed her profoundly. In the cabin of that vessel she had seen him by the side of a fair young girl, in earnest conversation; and she had watched with a strange, fluttering interest, the play of his features. What was he saying to that fair young girl, that she listened with such a breathless, waiting air? Suddenly he turned toward her, their eyes met, and were spell bound for moments. What did she read in his

eyes in those brief moments? What did he read in hers? Both questions pressed themselves upon her thoughts as she retreated among the crowd of passengers, and then hid herself from the chance of another meeting, until the boat reached the landing at Ivy Cliff. Why did she pause on the shore, and turn to look upon the crowded decks? She knew not. The act was involuntary. Again their eyes met—met and held each other until the receding vessel placed dim distance between them.

In less than half an hour Margaret's hand was on the door; but she could not enter. Irene had not moved from her place at the window in all that time.

"Is that you, Margaret?" she called, starting from her abstraction.

"Do you want anything, Miss Irene?"

"No, thank you, Margaret."

She answered, in as cheerful a tone as she could assume, and the kind old waiting-woman retired.

From that time every one noted a change in Irene. But none knew, or even guessed, its cause or meaning. Not even to her friend, Mrs. Everett, did she speak of her meeting with Hartley Emerson. Her face did not light up as before, and her eyes seemed always as if looking inward, or gazing dreamily upon something afar off. Yet, in good deeds, she failed not. If her own heart was heavier, she made other hearts lighter by her presence.

And still the years went on in their steady revolutions—one, two, three, four, five more years, and in all that time the parted ones did not meet again.

CHAPTER XXV.

"I saw Mr. Emerson yesterday," said Mrs. Everett. She was sitting with Irene in her own house in New York.

"Did you?" Irene spoke evenly and quietly, but did not turn her face toward Mrs. Everett.

"Yes. I saw him at my husband's store. Mr. Everett has engaged him to conduct an important suit, in which many thousands of dollars are at stake."

"How does he look?" inquired Irene, without showing any feeling, but still keeping her face turned from Mrs. Everett.

"Well, I should say, though rather too much frosted for a man of his years."

"Gray, do you mean?" Irene manifested some surprise.

"Yes; his hair and beard are quite sprinkled with time's white snow flakes."

"He is only forty," remarked Irene.

"I should say fifty, judging from his appearance."

"Only forty." And a faint sigh breathed on the lips of Irene. She did not look around at her friend, but sat very still, with her face turned partly away. Mrs. Everett looked at her closely, to read, if possible, what was passing in her mind. But the countenance of Irene was too much hidden. Her attitude, however, indicated intentness of thought—though not disturbing thought.

"Rose," she said at length, looking up at Mrs. Everett with a sober face, "I grow less at peace with myself as the years move onward."

"You speak from some passing state of mind," suggested Mrs. Everett.

"No; from a gradually forming permanent state. Ten years ago I looked back upon the past in a stern, self-sustaining, martyr-spirit. Five years ago, all things wore a different aspect. I began to have misgivings; I could not so clearly make out my case. New thoughts on the subject—and not very welcome ones—began to intrude. I was self-convicted of wrong; yes, Rose, of a great and an irreparable wrong. I shut my eyes; I tried to look in other directions; but the truth, once seen, could not pass from the range of mental vision. I have never told you that I saw Mr. Emerson five years ago. The effect of that meeting was such that I could not speak of it, even to you. We met on one of the river steamboats—met, and looked into each other's eyes for just a moment. It may only be a fancy of mine, but I have thought, sometimes, that, but for this seemingly accidental meeting, he would have married again."

"Why do you think so?" asked Mrs. Everett.

Irene did not answer for some moments. She hardly dared venture to put what she had seen in words. It was something that she felt more like hiding even from her own consciousness, if that were possible. But having ventured so far, she could not well hold back. So she replied, keeping her voice into as dead a level as it was possible to assume.

"He was sitting in earnest conversation with a young lady, and from the expression of her face, which I could see, the subject on which he was speaking was evidently one in which more than her thought was interested. I felt, at the time, that he was on the verge of a new life-experiment; was about venturing upon a sea on which he had once made shipwreck. Suddenly he turned half around, and looked at me before I had time to withdraw my eyes—looked at me with a strange, surprised,

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startled look. In another moment a form came between us; when it passed I was lost from his gaze in the crowd of passengers. I have puzzled myself a great many times over that fact of his turning his eyes, as if from some hidden impulse, just to the spot where I was sitting. There are no accidents—as I have often heard you say—in the common acceptance of the term; therefore this was no accident."

"It was a providence," said Rose."

"And to what end?" asked Irene.

Mrs. Everett shook her head.

"I will not even presume to conjecture."

Irene sighed, and then sat lost in thought. Recovering herself, she said:

"Since that time, I have been growing less and less satisfied with that brief, troubled portion of my life which closed so disastrously. I forgot how much the happiness of another was involved. A blind, wilful girl, struggling in imaginary bonds, I thought only of myself, and madly rent apart the ties which death only should have sundered. For five years, Rose, I have carried in my heart the expression which looked out upon me from the eyes of Mr. Emerson at that brief meeting. Its meaning was not then, nor is it now, clear. I have never set myself to the work of interpretation, and believe the task would be fruitless. But, whenever it is recalled, I am affected with a tender sadness. And so, his head is already frosted, Rose?"

"Yes."

"Though in years he has reached only manhood's ripened state. How I have marred his life! Better, far better would it have been for him if I had been the bride of Death on my wedding day!"

A shadow of pain darkened her face.

"No," replied Mrs. Everett. "It is better for both you and him that you were not the bride of Death. There are deeper things hidden in the events of life than our reason can fathom. We die when it is best for ourselves and best for others that we should die—never before. And the fact that we live is in itself conclusive that we are yet needed in the world by all who can be affected by our mortal existence."

"Gray hairs at forty!" This seemed to haunt the mind of Irene.

"It may be constitutional," suggested Mrs. Everett; "some heads begin to whiten at thirty."

"Possibly."

But the tone expressed no conviction.

"How was his face?" asked Irene.

"Grave and thoughtful. At least so it appeared to me."

"At forty." It was all Irene said.

Mrs. Everett might have suggested that a man of his legal position would naturally be grave and thoughtful; but she did not.

"It struck me," said Mrs. Everett, "as a true, pure, manly face. It was intellectual and refined; delicate, yet firm about the mouth, and expansive in the upper portions. The hair curled softly away from his white temples and forehead."

"Worthy of a better fate!" sighed Irene.

"And it is I who have marred his whole life.

How blind is selfish passion! Ah, my friend!

the years do not bring peace to my soul.

There have been times when to know that he

had sought refuge from a lonely life in

marriage, would have been a relief to me.

Were this the case, the thought of his isolation,

of his imperfect life, would not be forever

rebuking me. But now, while no less severely

rebuked by this thought, I feel glad that he

has not ventured upon an act, no clear sanction

for which is found in the Divine law. He

could not, I feel, have remained so true and

pure a man as I trust he is this day. God

help him to hold on, faithful to his highest intuitions,

even unto the end!"

Mrs. Everett looked at Irene wonderingly as

she spoke. She had never before thus unveiled

her thoughts.

"He struck me," was her reply, "as a man

who had passed through years of discipline,

and gained the mastery of himself."

"I trust that it may be so," Irene answered,

rather as if speaking to herself than to

another.

"As I grow older," she added, after a long

pause, now looking with calm eyes upon her

friend, "and life-experiences correct my judgment

and chasten my feelings, I see all things

in a new aspect. I understand my own heart

better—its needs, capacities, and yearnings;

and self-knowledge is the key by which we

unlock the mystery of other souls; so, a

deeper self-acquaintance enables me to look

deeper into the hearts of all around me. I

erred in marrying Mr. Emerson. We were

both too hasty, self-willed, and tenacious of

rights and opinions to come together in a union

so sacred and so intimate. But, after I had

become his wife, after I had taken upon myself

such holy vows, it was my duty to stand fast.

I could not abandon my place and be innocent

before God and man. And I am not innocent,

Rose!"

The face of Irene was strongly agitated for some moments. But she recovered herself and went on:

"I am speaking of things that have hitherto been secrets of my own heart. I could not bring them out even for you to look at, my dearest, truest, best of friends. Now, it seems as if I could not bear the weight of my heavy thoughts alone; as if, in admitting you beyond the veil, I might find strength to suffer, if not ease from pain. There is no such thing as living our lives over again and correcting their great errors. The past is an irrevocable fact. Ah, if conscience would sleep—if struggles for a better life would make atonement for wrong—then, as our years progress, we might lapse into tranquil states. But gradually clearing vision increases the magnitude of a fault like mine; for its fatal consequences are seen in broader light. There is a thought which has haunted me for a year past like a spectre. It comes to me unbidden, sometimes to disturb the quiet of my lonely evenings, sometimes in the silent night watches, to banish sleep from my pillow; sometimes to place silence on my lips as I sit among cherished friends. I never imagined that I would put this thought in words for any mortal ear. Yet, it is coming to my lips now, and I feel impelled to go on. You believe that there are, as you call them, 'conjugal partners,' or, men and women born for each other, who in a true marriage of souls shall become eternally one. They do not always meet in this life; nay, for the sake of that discipline which leads to purification, may form other and uncongenial ties in the world, and live unhappily—but in heaven they will draw together by a divinely implanted attraction, and be there united forever. I have felt that something like this must be true; that every soul must have its counterpart. The thought which has so haunted me is, that Hartley Emerson and unhappy I were born for each other."

She paused, and looked with a half startled air upon Mrs. Everet, to mark the effect of this revelation. But Rose made no response, and showed no surprise, however she might have been effected by the singular admission of her friend.

"It has been all in vain," continued Irene, "that I have pushed the thought aside—called it absurd, insane, impossible—back it would come, and take its old place. And stranger still, out of facts that I educed to prove its fallacy, would come corroborative suggestions. I think it is well for my peace of mind that I

have not been in the way of hearing about him, or of seeing him. Since we parted it has been as if a dark curtain had fallen between us; and so far as I am concerned, that curtain has been lifted up but once or twice, and then only for a moment of time. So, all my thoughts of him are joined to the past. Away back in that sweet time when the heart of girlhood first thrills with the passion of love, are some memories that haunt my soul like dreams from Elysium. He was, in my eyes, the impersonation of all that was lovely and excellent; his presence made my sense of happiness complete; his voice touched my ears as the blending of all rich harmonies. But, there fell upon him a shadow; there came hard discords in the music which had entranced my soul; the fine gold was dimmed. Then came that period of mad strife, of blind antagonism, in which we hurt each other by rough contact. Finally, we were driven far asunder, and instead of revolving together around a common centre, each has moved in a separate orbit. For years, that dark period of pain has held the former period of brightness in eclipse. But of late, gleams from that better time have made their way down to the present. Gradually, the shadows are giving way. The first state is coming to be felt more and more as the true state—as that in best agreement with what we are in relation to each other. It was the evil in us that met in such fatal antagonism—not the good. It was something that we must put off if we would rise from natural and selfish life into spiritual and heavenly life. It was our selfishness and passion that drove us asunder. Thus it is, dear Rose, that my thoughts have been wandering about in the maze of life that entangles me. In my isolation I have time enough for mental inversion—for self-exploration—for idle fancies, if you will. And so I have lifted the veil for you; uncovered my inner life; taken you into the sanctuary over whose threshold no foot but my own had ever passed."

There was too much in all this for Mrs. Everet to venture upon any reply that involved suggestion or advice. It was from a desire to look deeper into the heart of her friend, that she had spoken of her meeting with Mr. Emerson. The glance she obtained revealed far more than her imagination had ever reached.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The brief meeting with Mrs. Everet had stirred the memory of old times in the heart of Mr. Emerson. With a vividness unknown for

years, Ivy Cliff, and the sweetness of many life-passages there, came back to him, and set heart-pulses that he had deemed stilled forever, beating in tumultuous waves. When the business of the day was over, he sat down in the silence of his chamber and turned his eyes inward. He pushed aside intervening year after year, until the long-ago past was, to his consciousness, almost as real as the living present. What he saw moved him deeply. He grew restless, then showed disturbance of manner. There was an effort to turn away from the haunting fascination of this long buried, but now exhumed period; but the dust and scoria were removed, and it lifted, like another Pompeii, its desolate walls and silent chambers in the clear noon-rays of the present.

After a long, but fruitless effort to bury the past again; to let the years close over it, as the waves close over a treasure-laden ship; Mr. Emerson gave himself up to its thronging memories, and let them bear him whither they would.

In this state of mind he unlocked one of the drawers in a secretary, and took therefrom a small box, or casket. Placing this on a table, he sat down and looked at it for some minutes, as if in doubt whether it were best for him to go further in this direction. Whether satisfied or not, he presently laid his fingers upon the lid of the casket, and slowly opened it. It contained only a morocco case. He touched this as if it were something precious and sacred. For some moments after it was removed, he sat holding it in his hand, and looking at the dark, blank surface, as a long expected letter is sometimes held before the seal is broken and the contents devoured with impatient eagerness. At last his finger pressed the spring on which it had been resting, and he looked upon a young, sweet face, whose eyes gazed back into his with a living tenderness. In a little while his hand so trembled, and his eyes grew so dim, that the face was veiled from his sight. Closing the miniature, but still retaining it in his hand, he leaned back in his chair and remained motionless, with shut eyes, for a long time. Then he looked at the fair young face again, conning over every feature and expression, and letting the eyes dwell in his eyes until sad memories came in and veiled it again with tears.

"Folly! Weakness!" he said at last, pushing the picture from him, and making a feeble effort to get back his manly self-possession. "The past is gone forever. The page on which its sad history is written, was closed long ago,

and the book is sealed. Why unclasp the volume and search for that dark record again?"

Yet, even as he said this, his hand reached out for the miniature, and his eyes were on it ere the closing words had parted from his lips.

"Poor Irene!" he murmured, as he gazed on her pictured face. "You had a pure, tender, loving heart—" then suddenly shutting the miniature, with a sharp click of the spring, he tossed it from him upon the table, and said—

"This is folly! folly! folly!" and leaning back in his chair he shut his eyes, and sat for a long time with his brows sternly knitted together, and his lips tightly compressed. Rising, at length, he restored the miniature to its casket, and the casket to its place in the drawer. A servant came to the door at this moment, bringing the compliments of a lady friend, who asked him, if not engaged, to favor her with his company on that evening, as she had a visitor, just arrived, to whom she wished to introduce him. He liked the lady, who was the wife of a legal friend, very well; but he was not always so well pleased with her lady friends, of whom she had a large circle. The fact was, she considered him too fine a man to go through life companionless, and did not hesitate to use every art in her power to draw him into an entangling alliance. He saw this, and was often more amused than annoyed by her finesse.

It was on his lips to send word that he was engaged, but a regard for truth would not let him make this excuse; so, after a little hesitation and debate, he answered that he would present himself during the evening. The lady's visitor was a widow of about thirty years of age—rich, educated, accomplished, and personally attractive. She was from Boston, and connected with one of the most distinguished families in Massachusetts, whose line of ancestry ran back among the nobles of England. In conversation this lady showed herself to be rarely gifted, and there was a charm about her manners that was irresistible. Mr. Emerson, who had been steadily, during the past five years, growing less and less attracted by the fine women he met in society, found himself unusually interested in Mrs. Eager.

"I knew you would like her," said his lady friend, as Mr. Emerson was about retiring at eleven o'clock.

"You take your conclusion for granted," he answered, smiling. "Did I say that I liked her?"

"We ladies have eyes," was the laughing rejoinder. "Of course you like her. She's going to spend three or four days with me. You'll drop in to-morrow evening. Now, don't pretend that you have an engagement. Come; I want you to know her better. I think her charming."

Mr. Emerson did not promise positively, but said that he might look in during the evening. For a new acquaintance, Mrs. Eager had attracted him strongly, and his thoughtful friend was not disappointed in her expectation of seeing him at her house on the succeeding night. Mrs. Eager, to whom the lady she was visiting had spoken of Mr. Emerson in terms of almost extravagant eulogy, was exceedingly well pleased with him, and much gratified at meeting him again. A second interview gave both an opportunity for closer observation, and when they parted it was with pleasant thoughts of each other lingering in their minds. During the time that Mrs. Eager remained in New York, which was prolonged for a week beyond the period originally fixed, Mr. Emerson saw her almost every day, and became her voluntary escort in visiting points of local interest. The more he saw of her, the more he was charmed with her character. She seemed, in his eyes, the most attractive woman he had ever met. Still, there was something about her that did not wholly satisfy him, though what it was did not come into perception.

Five years had passed since any serious thought of marriage had troubled the mind of Mr. Emerson. After his meeting with Irene he had felt that another union in this world was not for him; that he had no right to exchange vows of eternal fidelity with any other woman. She had remained unwedded, and would so remain, he felt, to the end of life. The legal contract between them was dissolved; but, since his brief talk with the stranger on the boat, he had not felt so clear as to the higher law obligations which were upon them. And so, he had settled it in his mind to bear life's burdens alone.

But, Mrs. Eager had crossed his way, and filled, in many respects, his ideal of a woman. There was a charm about her that won him against all resistance.

"Don't let this opportunity pass," said his interested lady friend, as the day of Mrs. Eager's departure drew nigh. "She is a woman in a thousand; and will make one of the best of wives. Think, too, of her social position, her wealth, and her large cultivation.

An opportunity like this is never presented more than once in a lifetime."

"You speak," replied Mr. Emerson, "as if I had only to say the word, and this fair prize would drop into my arms."

"She will have to be wooed if she is won. Were this not the case, she would not be worth having," said the lady. "But, my word for it, if you turn wooer the winning will not be hard. If I have not erred in my observation, you are about mutually interested. There, now, my cautious sir! if you do not get handsomely provided for it will be no fault of mine."

In two days from this time Mrs. Eager was to return to Boston.

"You must take her to see those new paintings at the rooms of the Society Library, to-morrow. I heard her express a desire to examine them before returning to Boston. Connoisseurs are in ecstasies over three or four of the pictures; and, as Mrs. Eager is something of an enthusiast in matters of art, your favor in this will give her no light pleasure."

"I shall be most happy to attend her," replied Mr. Emerson. "Give her my compliments, and say that, if agreeable to herself, I will call for her at twelve to-morrow."

"No verbal compliments and messages," replied the lady; "that isn't just the way."

"How then? Must I call upon her and deliver my message? That might not be convenient to me, nor agreeable to her."

"Oh!" ejaculated the lady, with affected impatience, "you men are so stupid at times! You know how to write!"

"Ah! yes, I comprehend you now."

"Very well. Send your compliments and your message in a note; and let it be daintily worded; not in heavy phrases, like a legal document."

"A very princess in feminine diplomacy!" said Mr. Emerson to himself, as he turned from the lady and took his way homeward. "So I must pen a note."

Now, this proved a more difficult matter than he had at first thought. He sat down to the task immediately on returning to his room. On a small sheet of tinted note paper he wrote a few words; but they did not please him; and the page was thrown into the fire. He tried again, but with no better success—again and again, but still, as he looked at the brief sentences, they seemed to express too much or too little. Unable to pen the note to his satisfaction, he pushed, at last, his writing materials aside, saying—

"My head will be clearer and cooler in the morning."

It was drawing on to midnight, and Mr. Emerson had not yet retired. His thoughts were too busy for sleep. Many things were crowding into his mind—questions, doubts, misgivings—scenes from the past, and imaginations of the future. And amid them all came in, now and then, just for a moment, as he had seen it five years before, the pale, still face of Irene.

Wearied in the conflict, tired nature at last gave way, and Mr. Emerson fell asleep in his chair. Two hours of deep slumber tranquilized his spirit. He awoke from this, put off his clothing, and laid his head on his pillow. It was late in the morning when he arose. He had no difficulty, now, in penning a note to Mrs. Eager. It was the work of a moment, and satisfactory in the first effort.

At twelve he called, with a carriage, for the lady, whom he found all ready to accompany him, and in the best possible state of mind. Her smile, as he presented himself, was absolutely fascinating; and her voice seemed like a freshly tuned instrument, every tone was so rich in musical vibration; and all the tones came chorded to his ear.

There were not many visitors at the exhibition rooms—a score, perhaps—but they were art-lovers, gazing in rapt attention, or talking in hushed whispers. They moved about noiselessly, here and there, seeming scarcely conscious that others were present. Gradually, the number increased, until, within an hour after they entered, it was more than doubled. Still, the presence of art subdued all into silence, or subdued utterances.

Emerson was charmed with his companion's appreciative admiration of many pictures. She was familiar with art-terms, and special points of interest, and pointed out beauties and harmonies that to him were dead letters, without an interpreter. They came, at last, to a small, but wonderfully effective picture, which contained a single figure, that of a man sitting by a table, in a room which presented the appearance of a library. He held a letter in his hand—an old letter; the artist had made this plain—but was not reading. He had been reading; but the words proving conjurers, had summoned the dead past before him, and he was now looking far away, with sad, dreamy eyes, into the long ago. A casket stood open. The letter had, evidently, been taken from this repository. There was a miniature; a bracelet of auburn hair; a ring, and a chain of gold

lying on the table. Mr. Emerson turned to the catalogue and read—

"WITH THE BURIED PAST."

And below this title the brief sentiment—

"Love never dies."

A deep, involuntary sigh came through his lips, and stirred the pulseless air around him. Then, like an echo, there came to his ears an answering sigh; and turning, he looked into the face of Irene! She had entered the rooms a little while before, and in passing from picture to picture, had reached this one a few moments after Mr. Emerson. She had not observed him, and was just beginning to feel its meaning, when the sigh that attested its power over him, reached her ears, and awakened an answering sigh. For several moments their eyes were fixed in a gaze which neither had power to withdraw. The face of Irene had grown thinner, paler, and more shadowy, if we may use that term to express something not of the earth, earthy, than it was when he looked upon it five years before. But her eyes were darker in contrast with her colorless face, and had a deeper tone of feeling.

They did not speak, nor pass a sign of recognition. But, the instant their eyes withdrew from each other, Irene turned from the picture and left the rooms.

When Mr. Emerson looked back into the face of his companion, its charm was gone. Beside that of the fading countenance, so still and nun-like, upon which he had gazed a moment before, it looked coarse and worldly. When she spoke, her tones no longer came in chords of music to his ears; but jarred upon his feelings. He grew silent, cold, abstracted. The lady noted the change, and tried to rally him; but her efforts were vain. He moved by her side like an automaton; and listened to her comments on the pictures they paused to examine in such evident absent-mindedness, that she became annoyed, and proposed returning home. Mr. Emerson made no objection, and they left the quiet picture-gallery for the turbulence of Broadway. The ride home was a silent one, and they separated in mutual embarrassment, Mr. Emerson going back to his rooms instead of to his office, and sitting down in loneliness there, with a shuddering sense of thankfulness at his heart for the danger he had just escaped.

"What a blind spell was on me!" he said, as he gazed away down into his soul, far, far deeper than any word, tone, or look from Mrs. Eager had penetrated, and saw needs, states, and yearnings there, which must be filled, or

there could be no completeness of life. And now, the still, pale face of Irene stood out distinctly; and her deep, weird, yearning eyes looked into his with a fixed intentness that stirred his heart to its profoundest depths.

Mr. Emerson was absent from his office all that day. But on the next morning he was at his post, and it would have taken a close observer to have detected any change in his usually quiet face. But, there was a change in the man. A great change. He had gone down deeper into his heart than he had ever gone before, and understood himself better. There was little danger of his ever being tempted again in this direction!

CHAPTER XXVII.

It was more than a week before Mr. Emerson called again upon the lady friend, who had shown so strong a desire to procure him a wife. He expected her to introduce the name of Mrs. Eager, and came prepared to talk in a way that would forever close the subject of marriage between them. The lady expressed surprise at not having seen him for so long a time, and then introduced the subject nearest her thought.

"What was the matter with you and Mrs. Eager?" she asked, her face growing serious.

Mr. Emerson shook his head, and said—"Nothing," with not a shadow of concern in his voice.

"Nothing? Think again. I could hardly have been deceived."

"Why do you ask? Did the lady charge anything ungallant against me?"

Mr. Emerson was unmoved.

"O no—no! She scarcely mentioned your name after her return from viewing the pictures. But she was not in so bright a humor as when she went out, and was dull up to the hour of her departure for Boston. I'm afraid you offended her in some way—unconsciously, on your part, of course."

"No—I think not," said Mr. Emerson. "She would be sensitive in the extreme, if offended by any word or act of mine."

"Well; letting that all pass, Mr. Emerson; what do you think of Mrs. Eager?"

"That she is an attractive and highly accomplished woman."

"And just the one who reaches your ideal of a wife."

"No ma'am," was the unhesitating answer, and made in so emphatic a tone that there was no mistaking his sincerity. There was a

change in his countenance and manner. He looked unusually serious.

The lady tried to rally him; but, he had come in too sober a state of mind for pleasant trifling on this subject, of all others.

"My kind, good friend," he said, "I owe you many thanks for the interest you have taken in me; and for your efforts to get me a companion. But I do not intend to marry."

"So you have said—"

"Pardon me for interrupting you." Mr. Emerson checked the light speech that was on her tongue. "I am going to say to you some things that have never passed my lips before. You will understand me; this I know, or I would not let a sentence come into utterance. And I know more, that you will not make light of what to me is sacred."

The lady was sobered in a moment.

"To make light of what to you is sacred would be impossible," she replied.

"I believe it, and, therefore, I am going to speak of things that are to me the saddest of my life, and yet are coming to involve the holiest sentiments. I have more than one reason for desiring, now, to let another look below the quiet surface; and I will lift the veil for your eyes alone. You know that I was married nearly twenty years ago, and that my wife separated herself from me in less than three years after our union; and you also know that the separation was made permanent by a divorce. This is all that you or any other one knows, so far as I have made communication on the subject; and I have reason to believe that she who was my wife, has been as reserved in the matter as myself.

"The simple facts in the case are these. We were both young and undisciplined; both quick-tempered, self-willed, and very much inclined to have things our own way. She was an only child, and so was I. Each had been spoiled by long self-indulgence. So, when we came together in marriage, the action of our lives, instead of taking a common pulsation, was inharmonious. For a few years, we strove together, blindly, in our bonds, and then broke madly asunder. I think we were about equally in fault; but, if there was a preponderance of blame, it rested on my side, for, as a man, I should have kept a cooler head, and shown greater forbearance. But, the time for blame has long since passed. It is with the stern, irrevocable facts that we are dealing now.

"So bitter had been our experience, and so painful the shock of separation, that I think a

great many years must have passed, before repentance came into either heart—before a feeling of regret that we had not held fast to our marriage vows, was born. How it was with me, you may infer from the fact, that after the lapse of two years, I deliberately asked for and obtained a divorce, on the ground of desertion. But, doubt as to the propriety of this step stirred uneasily in my mind, for the first time, when I held the decree in my hand; and I have never felt wholly satisfied with myself since. There should be something deeper than incompatibility of temper to warrant a divorce. The parties should correct what is wrong in themselves, and thus come into harmony. There is no excuse for pride, passion and self-will. The law of God does not make these justifiable causes of divorce; and neither should the law of man. A purer woman than my wife never lived; and she had elements of character that promised a rare development. I was proud of her. Ah, if I had been wiser and more patient! If I had endeavored to lead, instead of assuming the manly prerogative! But, I was young, and blind and willful!

"Fifteen years have passed since the day we parted; and each has remained single. If we had not separated, we might now be living in a true, heart-union; for I believe—strange as it may sound to you—that we were made for each other. That when the false and evil of our lives are put off, the elements of conjunction will appear. We have made for ourselves of this world a dreary waste; when, if we had overcome the evil of our hearts, our paths would have been through green and fragrant places. It may be happier for us in the next; and it will be. I am a better man, I think, for the discipline through which I have passed; and she is a better woman."

Mr. Emerson paused.

"She? Have you seen her?" the lady asked.

"Twice since we parted, and then only for a moment. Suddenly, each time, we met, and looked into each other's eyes for a single instant. Then, as if a curtain had dropped suddenly between us, we were separated. But the impression of her face remained as vivid and permanent as a sun-picture. She lives, for most of her time, secluded at Ivy Cliff, her home on the Hudson; and her life is passed there, I hear, in doing good. And, if good deeds, from right ends, write their history on the human face, then her countenance bears the record of tenderest charities. It was pale

when I last saw it—pale, but spiritual—I can use no other word—and I felt a sudden pain at the thought that she was growing into a life so pure and heavenly, that I must stand afar off as unworthy. It had sometimes come into my thought, that we were approaching each other, as both put off, more and more, the evil which had driven us apart, and held us so long asunder. But, this illusion our last brief meeting dispelled. She has passed me on the road of self-discipline and self-abnegation, and is journeying far ahead! And now, I can but follow through life at a distance.

"So much, and no more, my friend. I drop the veil over my heart. You will understand me better hereafter. I shall not marry. That legal divorce is invalid. I could not perjure my soul by vows of fidelity toward another. Patiently and earnestly will I do my allotted work here. My better hopes lie all in the heavenly future.

"And now, my friend, we will understand each other better. You have looked deeper into my thoughts and experiences than any other human being. Let the revelation be sacred to yourself. The knowledge you possess may enable you to do me justice sometimes, and sometimes to save me from an intrusion of themes that cannot but touch me unpleasantly. There was a charm about Mrs. Eager that, striking me suddenly, for a little while bewildered my fancy. She is a woman of rare endowments; and I do not regret the introduction, and passing influence she exercised over me. It was a dream from which the awakening was certain. Suddenly the illusion vanished, as I saw her beside my lost Irene. The one was of the earth, earthy; the other of heaven, heavenly—and as I looked back into her brilliant face, radiant with thought and feeling, I felt a low, creeping shudder, as if just freed from the spell of a syren. I cannot be enthralled again, even for a moment."

Back again into his world's work Mr. Emerson returned, after this brief, exciting episode, and found in its performance from high and honorable motives, that calmly sustaining power which comes only as the reward of duties faithfully done.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

After the storm! How long the treasure remained buried in deep waters! How long the earth showed unsightly furrows and barren places! For nearly twenty years there had been warm sunshine, and no failure of the dews, nor the early and latter rain. But grass

had not grown, nor flowers blossomed in the path of that desolating tempest. Nearly twenty years! If the history of these two lives, during that long period, could be faithfully written, it would flood the soul with tears.

Four years later than the time when we last presented Irene to the reader, we introduce her again. That meeting in the picture gallery had disturbed, profoundly, the quiet pulses of her life. She did not observe Mr. Emerson's companion. The picture alone had attracted her attention; and she had just begun to feel its meaning, when an audible sigh reached her ears. The answering sigh was involuntary. Then they looked into each other's faces again—only for an instant—but with what a volume of mutual revelations!

It was four years subsequent to this time that Irene, after a brief visit in New York to her friend, Mrs. Everet, returned to her rural home. Mrs. Everet was to follow on the next day, and spend a few weeks with her father. It was yet in the early summer, and there were not many passengers on the boat. As was usual, Irene provided herself with a volume, and soon after going on board, took a retired place in one of the cabins, and buried herself in its pages. For over three hours she remained completely absorbed in what she was reading. Then her mind began to wander, and dwell on themes that made the even pulses of her heart beat to a quicker measure; yet still her eyes remained fixed on the book she held in her hand. At length, she became aware that some one was near her, by the falling of a shadow on the page she was trying to read. Lifting her head, she met the eyes of Hartley Emerson. He was standing close to her, his hand resting on the back of a chair, which he now drew nearly in front of her.

"Irene," he said, in a low, quiet voice, "I am glad to meet you again in this world." And he reached out his hand as he spoke.

For a moment Irene sat very still, but she did not take her eyes from Mr. Emerson's face. Then she extended her hand, and let it lie in his. He did not fail to notice that it had a low tremor.

Thus received, he sat down.

"Nearly twenty years have passed, Irene, since a word or sign has passed between us."

Her lips moved, but there was no utterance.

"Why should we not, at least, be friends?"

Her lips moved again. But no words trembled on the air.

"Friends, that may meet now and then, and feel kindly one toward the other."

His voice was still even in tone—very even, but very distinct and impressive.

At first, Irene's face had grown pale; but now, a warm flush was pervading it.

"If you desire it, Hartley," she answered, in a voice that trembled in the beginning, but grew firm ere the sentence closed. "It is not for me to say 'No.' As for kind feelings, they are yours always—always. The bitterness passed from my heart long ago."

"And from mine," said Mr. Emerson.

They were silent for a few moments; and each showed embarrassment.

"Nearly twenty years! That is a long, long time, Irene." His voice showed signs of weakness.

"Yes, it is a long time." It was a mere echo of his words, yet full of meaning.

"Twenty years!" he repeated. "There has been full time for reflection; and, it may be, for repentance. Time for growing wiser and better."

Irene's eyelids drooped, until the long lashes lay in a dark fringed line on her pale cheeks. When she lifted them they were wet.

"Yes, Hartley," she answered, with much feeling; there has been, indeed, time for reflection and repentance. It is no light thing to shadow the whole life of a human being!"

"As I have shadowed yours."

"No, no," she answered quickly, "I did not mean that; as I have shadowed yours!"

She could not veil the tender interest that was in her eyes; would not, perhaps, if it had been in her power.

At this moment a bell rang out clear and loud. Irene started, and glanced from the window. Then rising quickly, she said—

"We are at the landing!"

There was a hurried passage from cabin to deck; a troubled confusion of thought; a brief period of waiting, and then Irene stood on the shore, and Hartley Emerson on the receding vessel. In a few hours, miles of space lay between them!

"Irene, darling!" said Mrs. Everet, as they met at Ivy Cliff on the next day—"how charming you look! This pure, sweet, bracing air has beautified you like a cosmetic. Your cheeks are warm; and your eyes are full of light. It gives me gladness of heart to see in your face something of the old look that faded from it years ago."

Irene drew her arm around her friend, and kissed her lovingly.

"Come and sit down, here in the library. I have something to tell you," she answered; "something that will make your heart beat quicker, as it has mine."

"I have met him," she said, as they sat down and looked again into each other's faces.

"Him! Who?"

"Hartley."

"Your husband?"

"He who was my husband. Met him face to face; touched his hand; listened to his voice; almost felt his heart beat against mine. Oh, Rose, darling! it has sent the blood bounding in new life through my veins. He was on the boat yesterday, and came to me as I sat reading. We talked together for a few minutes, when our landing was reached, and we parted. But, in those few minutes, my poor heart had more happiness than it has known for twenty years. We are at peace. He asked why we might not be as friends who could meet now and then, and feel kindly toward each other? God bless him for the words! After a long, long night of tears, the sweet morning has broken!"

And Irene laid her head down against Rose, hiding her face, and weeping from excess of joy.

"What a pure, true, manly face he has!" she continued, looking up with swimming eyes. "How full it is of thought and feeling! You called him my husband, just now, Rose. My husband!" The light went back from her face. "Not for time; but—" and she glanced upward, with eyes full of hope—"for the everlasting ages! Oh, is it not a great gain to have met here in forgiveness of the past; to have looked kindly into each other's faces; to have spoken words that cannot die?"

What could Rose say to all this? Irene had carried her out of her depth. The even tenor of her life-experiences gave no deep sea-line that could sound these waters. And so, she sat silent, bewildered, and half-afraid.

Margaret came to the library, and opening the door, looked in. There was a surprised expression on her face.

"What is it?" Irene asked.

"A gentleman has called, Miss Irene."

"A gentleman!"

"Yes, Miss; and wants to see you."

"Did he send his name?"

"No, Miss."

"Do you know him, Margaret?"

"I can't say, Miss, for certain; but—" she stopped.

"But what, Margaret?"

"It may be just my thought, Miss; but he looks for all the world as if he might be—" She paused again.

"Well?"

"I can't say it, Miss Irene, no how, and I won't. But the gentleman asked for you. What shall I tell him?"

"That I will see him in a moment," answered Irene.

Margaret retired.

The face of Irene, which flushed at first, now became pale as ashes. A wild hope trembled in her heart.

"Excuse me for a few minutes," she said to Mrs. Everet, and rising, left the room.

It was as Irene had supposed. On entering the parlor, a gentleman advanced to meet her, and she stood face to face with Hartley Emerson!

"Irene," he said, extending his hand.

"Hartley," fell in an irrepressible throb from her lips, as she put her hand in his.

"I could not return to New York without seeing you again," said Mr. Emerson, as he stood holding the hand of Irene. "We met so briefly, and were thrown apart again so suddenly, that some things I meant to say were left unspoken."

He led her to a seat, and sat down beside her, still looking intently in her face. Irene was far from being as calm as when they sat together on the day before. A world of new hopes had sprung up in her heart since then. She had lain half asleep and half awake, nearly all night, in a kind of delicious dream; from which the morning awoke her with a cold chill of reality. She had dreamed again, since the sun had risen; and now the dream was changing into the actual.

"Have I done wrong in this, Irene?" he asked.

And she answered,

"No—it is a pleasure to meet you, Hartley." She had passed through years of self-discipline, and the power acquired during this time came to her aid. And so she was able to answer with womanly dignity. It was a pleasure to meet him there, and she said so.

"There are some things in the past, Irene," said Mr. Emerson, "of which I must speak, now that I can do so. There are confessions that I wish to make. Will you hear me?"

"Better," answered Irene, "let the dead past bury its dead."

"I do not seek to justify myself, but you, Irene."

"You cannot alter the estimate I have made

of my own conduct," she replied. "A bitter stream does not flow from a sweet fountain. That dead, dark, hopeless past! Let it sleep if it will!"

"And what, then, of the future?" asked Mr. Emerson.

"Of the future!" The question startled her. She looked at him with a glance of eager inquiry.

"Yes; of the future, Irene. Shall it be as the past? or, have we both come up, purified, from the fire? Has it consumed the dross, and left only the fine gold? I can believe it in your case, and hope that it is so in mine. But this I do know, Irene: After suffering and trial have done their work of abrasion, and I get down to the pure metal of my heart, I find that your image is fixed there in the imperishable substance. I did not hope to meet you again, in this world as now—to look into your face, to hold your hand, to listen to your voice as I have done this day—but, I have felt that God was fitting us, through earthly trial, for a heavenly union. We shall be one hereafter, dear Irene—one and forever!"

The strong man broke down. His voice fell into low sobs—tears blinded his vision. He groped about for the hand of Irene, found it, and held it wildly to his lips.

Was it for a loving woman to hold back coldly now? No—no—no! That were impossible.

"My husband!" she said, tenderly and reverently, as she placed her saintly lips on his forehead.

There was a touching ceremonial at Ivy Cliff on the next day—one never-to-be-forgotten by the few who were witnesses. A white haired minister—the same who, more than twenty years before, had said to Hartley Emerson and Irene Delancy, "May your lives flow together like two pure streams that meet in the same valley,"—again joined their hands, and called them "husband and wife." The long, dreary, tempestuous night had passed away, and the morning arisen in brightness and beauty.

[THE END.]

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his web twenty times, twenty times will he mend it. Make up your minds to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if trouble come upon you: keep up your spirits, though the day may be a dark one.

EFFIE THE WATCHER.

BY WAIF WOODLAND.

"At dark he will be here," she said,
"And now the day grows dim,
And sighing through the pines, I hear
The night-wind's wailing hymn;
And marvel that so sad a strain
Should be his welcome home again.

"Ah me! how long the day has been;
How strange its light has seemed:
And I have longed, and longed for night,
Have fallen asleep and dreamed:
Dreamed that I heard the well-known fall
Of his dear foot along the hall;

"And felt his hand, so soothingly,
Upon my temples laid;
That every wildly throbbing pulse
At once was sweetly staid;
And my poor heart, in joyful lays,
Took up again its song of praise.

"And once, just once, I heard him speak,
O, I remember well!
'Twas but a word, one tender word,
That from his loved lips fell—
My name, so soft, so touchingly,
That I forgot my misery.

"And those blest valves, in mercy formed
To cool the scorching brain,
Relaxed their tension, till the tears
Deluged my face like rain.
Oh, God! to think that golden gleam
Of light, was scattered with a dream.

"But now, the day is waning fast,
The shadows come and go,
And in my breast it seems as life
Kept heaving to and fro.
The day has been so long," she sighed,
"That hope, and health, have almost died."

Poor Effie! 'twas not strange, she thought
The time so long and sad;
For months had nursed the grass upon
His grave, since she was mad.
It fell, her heart's first crushing woe,
And reason reeled beneath the blow.

Yet, day by day, as life burned dim
Within her yearning breast,
She wrapped her wasting form in robes
That used to please him best;
And closer drew beside the pane
To keep her weary watch in vain.

And ever, as upon her lips
The murmurs fainter grew,
Through the rich masses of her hair,
Her fingers slowly drew;
And weaving back and forth she sighed—
"He bade me watch till eventide."

But when the solemn night came down,
 With footsteps soft and still,
 And hung her sable curtain round
 The distant, hazy hill;
 A silence, like some holy spell,
 Upon the watcher's white lips fell:

And sweetly, through each throbbing vein,
 There stole a hallowed peace,
 For, touched with pity, God had sent
 His *Angel of Release*.
 But they who saw her sitting there,
 Within her crimson cushioned chair,

So gentle was the passing change
 That o'er her features grew,
 Deemed—till from off her stony breast
 The graceful robes they drew,
 And put aside the curls which swept
 Her dewy brow—that she but slept.

LETTERS TO THE GIRLS.

BY AUNT HATTIE.

No. V.

"I should be glad to read, but I can never get time." Now girls, Aunt Hattie had been sitting an hour, with her knitting work in her hand, not pretending, but really knitting, with Adam Bede open on the desk before her, when Miss Coralie uttered that sentence! It sounded almost like a rebuke, for why was I privileged to have time to read, when others were cruelly deprived of it, and so I closed the offending book, and thus eyes and thoughts were left free for observation. The young lady was very busy just then, arranging her hair before the mirror. It was cut short, according to the prevailing mode, and she was trying to wave and puff it, which, as nature had made it very smooth and straight, proved a time-absorbing task. She parted it in the centre, and then on one side, brushed it up over puff combs, then down on her cheeks, and at last left it—pretty as it could be—in the usual style, which would have taken her just ten minutes; but which did take her forty. Her morning collar then did not exactly suit her, and, contrary to her mother's pleading, to wear it until the girl starched and ironed the favorite one, which would be that very afternoon, Miss Coralie started for the kitchen, and after an absence of an hour, returned with two collars indifferently done up, heated cheeks, and a burn on her finger, which called forth many a pause and lingering lamentation, and seriously impeded the labor of the day. But at last her work-box was in her hand, her sewing un-

rolled, and a few moments spent over it, when a carriage drove up to the house opposite. At such an important event, cousin Flora had to be called down stairs, and through the half closed blinds, the horses and carriage, faces and garments of the visitors were scanned and commented upon, until the carriage house closed door hid the one, and the parlor shades the other, and nothing remained but wonderings who they could be, to gossip over.

In the intervening time between the bells for dinner, I summed up the work she had accomplished, and found it this; dusted the dining-room, arranged one vase of flowers, combed her hair, starched and ironed two collars, and sewed what one could easily sew in a quarter of an hour, and yet the poor girl had, or thought she had no time to read. Since then I have heard the same remark from a number of other different persons, but I never shut up Adam Bede or any other book; I only mentally say, "if you loved to read as well as Aunt Hattie, you could find time, and read on without any pity or compunctions of conscience, because I have a feast, and tantalize them by enjoying it in their presence.

If some poor mother, with a sickly, crying babe in her arms, and three or four children looking to her for preparations of food and raiment, or a father with the night hours added to his abroad ten hours of labor, makes the same remark, I believe, sympathize, and am ready to weep with them; but you girls, with your skirts heavily embroidered, and your collars so traced with leaves and flowers that the foundation is not even visible—all the handiwork of your own hands—do not complain to me that you have no time to read; only economise your moments, and dispense with superfluous labor, and three hundred pages weekly will be mere pastime; and think of the stores of knowledge thus gained—if you select well—in a year. Rosy, pouting lips, uplifted eyebrows, indignant with me, every one, over that sentence—"superfluous labor." Listen to me: You are questioning—can Aunt Hattie be so unreasonable as to ask us to dress plain as our grandmothers, comb our hair back smooth behind our ears, wear collars with a straight edge, and skirts simply hemmed? No—no; she would merely say there is a medium, and leave it to your good sense to decide where you shall stop considering this last, that not having time to read implies not only the present loss of one of earth's sweetest pleasures, but the starvation of the soul in that coming winter of age, if you live to be old,

where no seed can spring up and grow amid the bleak winds and ice. Oh, what a dreary desolation is that mind which has no stores garnered to feed upon through the long months and years. Society, even of sight, is gone, for loved companions are in the grave, dress is mockery, for the form is palsied and the eye is dim; gossiping has no charms, for its interest has fled; and what is there left but the mind, which, if filled in youth with imperishable food, will ever send out sustenance that will yield happiness, youthfulness, vigor, and companionship, though all outward sources of enjoyment become like the dead, which only come back to us in memory, and the visions of the night.

Berea, Ohio.

PRESS ON!

BY ALICE G. COLAHAN.

"Press on! for it shall make you mighty among men,
And from the eyrie of your eagle thought
Ye shall look down on monarchs. Oh, press on!
For the high ones, and powerful, shall come
To do you reverence; and the beautiful
Will know the purer language of your soul,
And read it, like a talisman of love."

Press on! surmount the rocky steeps that are before the Temple of Knowledge. Climb boldly over the torrent of difficulties which impedes your progress. Set your mark on high, whether it be on the broad shield, on which fame loves to inscribe the names of her worshipers, or in the Book where angels write the good deeds of men.

It was a happy thought, that of the old master, in representing the Temple of Science as being situated upon a "rocky steep," to be ascended only with great difficulty, and he who lingers despondent by the way, and does not press "onward and upward," with his might, will not receive the meed of praise awarded to those who perseveringly ascended the rugged rocks, and were received with joy at the portals of this glorious place. Nobly press on! the way will not be strewn by flowers, or brightened by Pleasure's smiles; though the syren may seek to allure you from the path of Duty, heed her not, her smiles are flattering and empty.

Press on! past the mere pleasure, the sensual gratification of the moment. There are pleasures in which the soul takes the most calm delight; the true and refined pleasures which ever follow in the steps of Knowledge. For

without a perception of the true and beautiful, there can be no true refinement. "Press on!" 'tis godlike to unloose the spirit and forget yourself in thought. Weave garlands of sunny thoughts, and hang within the chambers of your soul, to brighten darker hours. Let not your labors cease, for there can be "no true excellence without labor." Cherish all those lovely principles which keep the "soul flower" growing. Peace, with her unwavering light, shall shine upon your path, and should dark clouds of sorrow gather threateningly above your home, the star of Hope will glimmer in the distance, and her "angel lay" reverberate in your ears. Care has conquered many hearts, and has placed his iron crown upon many brows, already furrowed by his hard hand; "moans of sorrow creep veinlike through the sunshine, and underlie the laughter, however gay and loud."

What is fame? "To die and leave some worthy work to earth?" Fame places her bays on many aching brows, and applause grates harshly on the ear of him who, in search of happiness, bowed at her shrine, fancying she had the precious jewel in her possession. "Most loved are they of whom Fame speaks not with her clarion voice." If Happiness has not her seat within the breast, she cannot be ours. We need not go in search of her, as the Persian brothers did of yore, for we cannot find her. Our youth is bright, the mind is active, free, and easily moulded—the future is the home of our thoughts. It seems as if time passed but slowly, so impatient are we to act for ourselves in the great Drama of Human Life. Clouds may rise and pass over the sky of youth, but they only serve to mature, or bring to a certain degree of perfection, the unripe faculties of the mind, and as the clouds and showers of Summer refresh the flowers, and help to ripen the fruits and grain for the coming Autumn, so clouds upon the skies of youth will serve to bring the thoughts and ideas, which hitherto have known no seriousness, to a sober judgment which will become the man or woman.

East Rockport, Ohio.

If men could find the fabled fountain that is said to restore youth, and health, and beauty, with what eagerness they would rush to drink its waters. Yet with scarcely less eagerness do they now rush to drink of waters that bring upon them premature old age, and disease, and loathsome ugliness.

"TEMPTED, BUT NOT OVERCOME OF EVIL."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Come now, Ralph."

And the lady sprang up with a blush and a frown, and a little flutter of a smile, while the slipper which she was embroidering dropped to the floor.

"Well, hang it! you've no business to look so pretty that a fellow can't help kissing you."

And he stood there, with his handsome, saucy face, his bright, amused eyes, his jaunty air, and the half mischievous, half penitent look which he had taken on for the occasion.

She tried to look serious and dignified, as became a wife of three years' standing. "Cousin Ralph, you forget that we are no longer children, and that it isn't quite proper that you should be so—so rude."

"It's a fact, May," gently seating her, and picking up the slipper; "but looking at you sitting there as I came past the window, with your face bent down over your work, and your curls fluttering about it, I quite forgot that you were anything but May Darling, and I Ralph Upham, your boy lover, who used to tease you from morning until night, and end by loving you better than ever."

"You have the sweet face that used to laugh out on me from betwixt the lilac bushes, at the old south window at Uncle Jacob's; and I only thought of this when I kissed it."

His words had touched some secret chord of memory and feeling—you would have seen that, by the tremulous shadows which went over the sweet face—by the small, faint sigh that fluttered out of the lips, red as a stem of ripe currants.

He had seated himself by her side, and had caught the tassels of her dressing-gown, and was swinging them back and forth while he talked.

"Those were pleasant times, Ralph; but perhaps it's as well, now, not to talk of the past."

"Why not, pray? There is nothing, surely, in that fair picture lying away back in the memories of both our hearts, that we should not recall it together."

"Oh, Ralph, you haven't lost your old trick of talking everybody into just your way of thinking," and this time the lady looked up and smiled in her companion's face; but there was a little shadow of doubt and pain in the smile.

"And you haven't lost your old face, May

Darling, with its childlike, wistful look—the dear, sweet face that was the angel of my boyhood and youth."

He was stroking the glossy, golden hair now, with that sort of restless grace with which Ralph Upham always did everything.

A deep flush mounted to the lady's brow. "Oh, Ralph, you *must* not talk to me in that way!" and she moved uneasily.

"I beg your pardon, May, but how in the world can I help forgetting, every other minute, that you are the wife of another man! By the by, I want to hear something of this husband of yours. I shall always owe him a grudge for cutting me out; but then he must be an incarnation of all excellencies to have found his way into that best room of your little heart."

"He is a good, true, noble man; and he would sacrifice his very life to make me happy."

She spoke the words out strong and bravely, as though they expressed a settled conviction of her heart.

"I am glad to hear it, May. Whatever scapegrace I may have been in times gone by, my heart has always cherished the warmest desires for your happiness."

He saw these words had their effect, and continued, after a little pause, "Well, tell me something further about this husband of yours. Is he handsome?"

"No; but fine looking."

"The world calls him a most promising young lawyer. Really, May, you can have nothing more to wish for!" watching her face with his bright, keen eyes.

"No—oh, no; nothing!"

She spoke quick and emphatically, but not exactly with enthusiasm.

"Well, I'm satisfied now, May, respecting your life—fully, entirely; and I need not tell you how my heart rejoices in this."

"You are very kind, Ralph," and now she looked up and smiled openly and warmly in his face.

"I was at Winsted last week. The old place looks just as it used to."

This was opening into a great storehouse of old memories and associations. Mrs. Denison's thoughts instantly leaped forth to grasp them, for she was an impulsive little creature; and she sat by the sitting-room window with her cousin that summer morning, and talked of her childhood, and walked amid the scenes which they two had lived together. Her cousin led her adroitly up and down the green, fragrant passages of her youth—he spoke of frolics in

the fields, and berryings in the woods, and sails on the pond.

He flashed up before her the old winter evenings at the brown parsonage, with their crackling birch fires, their piles of nuts and apples. The years of the past were his loom, and like a skillful weaver he shot out of it just what devices and patterns he liked; every word that he uttered brought some new vision before his hearer—opened some window to the eastward of her life. Nothing was too small or trivial for his notice, from the robin's nest in the great pear tree, to the swing in the garret, and the ears of small corn which they brought down from the bushel basket under the rafters in the garret, every winter.

And Mrs. Denison drank in every word, and her face kindled, and quick laughs rang out of her lips, almost as sweet as the birds' songs did out of the lilac trees outside, and were caught and lost in the current of another laugh, stronger and deeper.

Oh, she was a pretty, pretty creature, sitting there with her blue eyes so full of light, her fair, round cheeks kindled into quick flushes, and her glossy, golden curls flickering like lights about her face.

May Darling had been the only daughter of a clergyman, who had been for more than thirty years installed over the South Church in the quiet old country town of Winsted.

The daisies grew over her mother's grave before she could remember her; and about the large grave clustered a company of small ones telling the number of her brothers and sisters who were angels in heaven. May was the light of her father's eyes. She was a generous, impulsive, fascinating little creature, and her life was much like the robins', which made their nests every May in the branches of the pear tree that grew close to the kitchen door.

She had just touched her eighth year when Ralph Upham came to the parsonage. He was three years her senior, one of those off-hand, sparkling, fun-loving boys that are sure to be favorites with everybody.

He was the son of the minister's oldest sister's first husband, and he was left quite alone in the world when his parents and his step-mother were called away from it.

So the kind-hearted clergyman received him into his own family, and he became as a son to him, and as a brother to his child.

But Ralph caused his foster-father many hours of anxiety and pain, for, despite all his bright, merry ways, the minister could not fail to discern the lack of truth and fixed principle

which the boy so frequently indicated, and without which there is no foundation to build up a character either permanently good or beautiful; and as the boy and girl grew up to man and womanhood, the old pastor watched with vague regret their growing attachment to each other.

He resolved to send Ralph to college, but he passed all his vacations at the parsonage, and, on his entering on his junior year, May was betrothed to her cousin with her father's consent.

She had blossomed, in that quaint old parsonage, into a rarely beautiful girl-woman, and she gave to Ralph Upham all the sweet flowing fountains of her woman's faith and tenderness.

But a terrible blow was appointed her, for though Ralph Upham graduated at college with the highest honors of his class, his conduct during the first year of his professional studies, made the clergyman withdraw his consent to his daughter's engagement.

May yielded to her father's will; but her obedience cost her a long and severe illness, from which she had scarcely recovered before her father was gathered to his wife and his children. Afterward May went to reside with an aunt of her mother's in the city, and it was not strange that her loveliness won her many admirers.

Her aunt was, however, a judicious and Christian woman, and softened and nourished by the rains which had fallen into her life, the character of May Darling blossomed into new strength and beauty, and the man who at last won her affections was one to whom her father and mother in heaven would have rejoiced to commit the earthly welfare of their child.

May Darling had been for three years the happy and dearly beloved wife of George Denison, when one afternoon, on coming out of a dry-goods store, she suddenly stood face to face with Ralph Upham.

The meeting was demonstrative on his side, and embarrassed on hers, for May had not looked on that graceful figure, and those rings of bright brown hair, since she watched them go out of the old parsonage one May morning seven years ago, when she was the betrothed wife of Ralph Upham.

No wonder she was fluttered and embarrassed when she looked into that handsome face, that the old memories arose and knocked at her heart.

Mrs. Denison had known little of Ralph Upham's career subsequent to their parting,

save that he was practicing law at the West. He congratulated her on her marriage, and to her inquiry whether she should respond with like sentiments, he answered, half gayly, "Oh no, May, I am an ordained old bachelor, you know."

But the glance which accompanied the words could not be misinterpreted, and Mrs. Denison knew that Ralph Upham meant her to understand it was for her sake that his heart could never hold another love.

He accepted her invitation to call, and the next day—but you know this, reader.

Ralph Upham was a skillful reader of human nature, and he was a *bad* man. Perhaps not exactly so, as the world goes, but he was bad in comparison with a truly good and noble ideal. Vanity and selfishness were the great underlying motives of his life. He was impulsive and susceptible, capable of rising into temporary appreciation of all that was good and true in man or woman, but incapable of a noble, persistent life. The stream was corrupt at the fountain, and his was the more dangerous because of his fascinating social qualities. No man was a greater favorite with women, and no man ever studied their hearts and characters, their hidden lives of emotion and feeling, with more analytical shrewdness than he did.

He had conversational powers of no ordinary kind, and as he was sympathetic and reflective, he had a remarkable degree of social pliancy and adaptation; he could be brilliant, tender, gentle—whatever the time and circumstances demanded—and nothing stimulated his vanity so much as the knowledge of his success in awakening an interest in the hearts of women, and wicked and contemptible as was this object, it had become a habit and a passion with Ralph Upham.

There is no question but something of his better nature had awakened in his interview with Mrs. Denison—for all that was freshest and best in his heart had loved the beautiful girl with whom he had passed his boyhood and youth. But he was resolved to ascertain whether his old power over her was entirely gone, and he was bad and base enough to sit beneath the roof of another man's dwelling, and leave no effort untried to awaken in the soul of his wife those feelings and associations which it could only be wrong to him for her to cherish for one moment.

"Is it possible! one o'clock! I have been here three whole hours!"

Ralph Upham glanced at the French clock

on the mantel, whose silvery voice had just swung through the air.

"Where have these three hours gone to?" exclaimed Mrs. Denison. "I'd no idea it was eleven."

"Neither had I. You will pardon me, May, for engrossing so much of your time. They have been pleasant and precious hours to me;" and now he took her hand with the freedom of a brother, and something of the tenderness of a lover, and clasped the soft, white fingers in his own. "But there is no use, I must come back to the hard, barren present; from the dear old lanes where I have walked to-day with you, May, where we walked together in our youth;" and then he repeated, as though half to himself, those exquisite verses in Longfellow's "GLEAM OF SUNSHINE:"

"Here runs the highway to the town,
There the green lane descends,
Through which I walked to church with thee,
Oh, gentlest of my friends!

"The shadow of the linden trees
Lay moving on the grass,
Between them and the moving boughs,
A shadow thou didst pass.

"Thy dress was like the lilies,
And thy heart was pure as they;
One of God's holy messengers
Did walk with me that day."

Then there fell a little silence. Mrs. Denison's golden lashes were dropped low over her blue eyes, and her companion fancied they were blurred with something which did not let her see clearly the half finished embroidery in her lap.

"We dine at two. You will stay, Ralph? I want to present you to George."

"Thank you. Nothing would afford me greater pleasure; but I have an imperative appointment at that time. I shall, however, be disengaged at four, and with your permission will call at four, and take you to ride in the suburbs."

She looked up, a little doubtful and disturbed.

"Oh, come now, May, you won't hesitate to grant so slight a privilege to one who was for so many years your brother? Say you will go; for the sake of the old rides we used to have."

"I think I will go, Ralph."

He bent down and kissed her cheek; this time she did not reprove him, but she turned away from the door and listened to his parting

steps; and then she sat down, and sobs shook to and fro the delicate figure of May Denison.

"Don't, George, you'll tumble my hair," and the lady drew her head back with an impatient movement, and there was a quiver of petulance in her tones.

George Denison bent forward, and gazed earnestly in his wife's face; it looked cold and forbidding.

"What's the matter, little lady—got the blues?"

"Why—what makes you ask?"

"Because, when a man comes home to dinner he likes to have the smile and kind word that he's always used to."

The words touched May Denison, for she was an impulsive little woman; part of the coldness went out of her face as she leaned forward, saying—"Well, excuse me; I was just a little absent-minded, George."

At that moment the bell rang for dinner.

George Denison was not, socially, a brilliant or fascinating man, but to know his character long and deeply, was to respect and love the man.

His affections were singularly warm, and deep, and constant, but his habits were reticent and undemonstrative, and it was with difficulty he overcame them.

But he was a man honorable, generous, noble, with the springs of his poetry and tenderness lying deep and serene in his soul; not flashing up readily to the surface, in all graceful acts and words, but flowing through his life—still, strong, perpetual currents.

He loved his beautiful young wife, as such a man would be apt to, the woman of his heart's election.

"Oh, guess who's been here to-day?" asked Mrs. Denison suddenly, in a pause of the conversation at dinner; for the little cloud had quite passed out of her face.

"I can't, dear. Anybody that I should be glad to see?"

"I hope so. It was Cousin Ralph Upham."

The young lawyer put down his knife and fork in his surprise. "What! that old beau of yours?"

"Yes."

"How long did he stay?"

"Oh! some time. You know we had a good deal to talk about—of our old home and the days when we were children."

"Why didn't he remain to dinner, and give me a chance to look at him?"

"He had an engagement, or he would have done so. You've never met him?"

"Never."

Then there fell a little silence betwixt the husband and wife, and, somehow, both felt uncomfortable, especially the gentleman, who half unconsciously linked his wife's manner, on his return home, with this visit of her old friend, for May had acquainted him with her engagement to her cousin.

Mrs. Denison opened her lips to speak, and then closed them, while a thought darted through her mind—"What is the use of telling George? I can just take my ride with Cousin Ralph, and say nothing to him about it"—for she had an intuition that the announcement of the invitation would not be agreeable to her husband.

But she put aside the thought the next moment, for she was too honorable for the slightest concealment.

"Well, you will probably have an opportunity to meet Cousin Ralph at tea, as he invited me to ride out an hour or two with him, this afternoon."

"And you accepted the invitation?"

"Certainly. You have no objections?"

There was no immediate answer, but May read her husband's face.

"Oh, George, you are not so absurd as to mind my riding out for an hour with my cousin, and the old companion of all my childhood?"

"Why don't you add, also, your old lover?"

The blood flashed into the lady's cheek; for the speech wounded and irritated her; and it was one that, in a better mood, her husband would not have made.

"It would not be very wise or delicate for me to say it before a jealous husband."

The answer stung him. "You can apply what terms you like to me, Mrs. Denison; I simply wish to know if you accepted the invitation?"

"Of course I did!" she said it defiantly, tapping her little feet on the carpet. "Have you any objections to urge?"

"No, you will do as you like; I never laid my commands upon my wife. It is against my principles."

The dinner was finished in silence; George Denison sat stern and pale, May flushed and lowering; and the husband rose from the table and went out without so much as bidding his wife good afternoon.

"It was outrageous, cruel!" exclaimed Mrs. Denison, as she walked up and down the

room, slipping the rings round her small fingers, while the tears stood still on her cheeks. "To think he was angry because I am going out with Cousin Ralph! I shall just have my own way for once. Oh, dear! if things had only turned out differently!" She did not finish the sentence; she was fairly frightened at the angry, repellant feelings which gathered gloomily in her heart against her husband.

And as Mrs. Denison leaned her head on the marble table, a book which her arm brushed away fell heavily at her feet. She picked it up. It was a small prayer-book, with covers of crimson velvet. The leaves had dropped open, and her eyes fell upon the marriage service, and those solemn, mysterious words flashed through her soul—"And live together according to God's holy ordinance."

They stilled the storm of passion and pride. of gloom and bitterness which had gathered in her soul. Mrs. Denison sat down and thought what depth and holiness of meaning dwelt in those words, and what that sacrament was which set them twain apart, and shut them up from the world—husband and wife.

"And live together according to God's holy ordinance," not simply in word and deed, but in thought, in feeling, in spirit, forbidding all wanderings of the heart, all foolish imaginations, making each to the other tender, pitiful, forgiving, self-sacrificing—just as God, the Father, interpreted those words when, standing at His altar, she had taken on her soul the vows of her wifehood.

There was a long, sharp struggle in Mrs. Denison's mind; but she was a Christian woman, and she knew whence strength would come for her weakness.

"Well, little lady, all ready for your ride?"

Ralph Upham asked the question in his pleasant, assured way, as he twisted the cord of his whip round the handle.

There was a little pause, and a little flush crept up and settled itself in the sweet face. Then the answer came, low and steadfast, "Ralph, you will have to excuse me from riding out with you to-day."

"Why, May, is it possible you are not going with me!" surprise, disappointment, and chagrin combining in the tones.

"There are reasons, Ralph, and good ones, which I do not consider myself at liberty to mention, which make it best for me to ask you to excuse me."

"Can't do it, May," in that graceful, posi-

tive, off-hand way that was usually so irresistible with ladies. "I've set my mind on the ride, and you won't disappoint a poor fellow that's come two thousand miles for this little bit of enjoyment?"

It was hard to resist the look which gave the right point and emphasis to these words, but Mrs. Denison did not waver. "Ralph," she began.

But he broke in, taking the soft fingers—"Come now, May, you won't be so absurd or squeamish as to refuse to give me, your brother, this little ride, for the sake of those other long ago rides that one of us, at least, can never forget?"

It was harder still to resist this last tone and look; but if she faltered a moment her voice was steady and earnest as it answered—"I have not declined your invitation, Ralph, without duly considering it, and therefore it can be of no use to urge it."

Ralph Upham's handsome face darkened, and his eyes flamed out suddenly. "I see the drift of all this, May. Your husband isn't willing to trust his wife with me for an hour. I do hate to have a man set so low a value on himself that he's afraid his wife may fall in love with an old friend, if they happen to be brought together for an hour."

Ralph Upham had gone further, and revealed more of his true character in his disappointment and chagrin than he intended.

Mrs. Denison lifted her eyes, and confronted her guest with a quiet, steadfast gaze; he would not have known how much he had stirred her if it had not been for the deep flush which had run into her cheeks.

"Ralph, you forget that George Denison is my husband, and that you must not speak thus of him, in his own house, to his wife."

No man would be likely to, after hearing those tones.

Ralph Upham was thoroughly crestfallen, but minds like his are seldom susceptible of real contrition, and it was with a feeling of petty anger and wounded vanity that he answered: "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Denison; I shall never offend you so again. Good afternoon;" and he turned toward the door.

And then the memory of their childhood, and her father's love for Ralph Upham, came over May Denison's soul, and she sprang toward him with outstretched hand. "Ralph, do not let us part in anger. Come back and take tea with us to-night, and you and George shall be friends."

"Thank you; I shall leave the city to-

night. I wish you all happiness and prosperity, May," but, somehow, the tones belied the words, and so did the cold, polite touch of his fingers as he bade her good afternoon.

"What! I didn't expect to find you returned so soon—and alone?"

George Denison said these words as he opened the door of the sitting-room, and found his wife seated by the window with her sewing, as sweet and perfect a little home picture as ever gladdened the heart of a husband; and, somehow, it took away half the coldness and bitterness which had been in his heart that afternoon.

"Cousin Ralph stayed only a few minutes," answered Mrs. Denison.

There was a little pause. The young husband did not come forward and kiss his wife, as was his habit. He removed the papers from his pocket and laid them on the table.

"Did you have a pleasant ride?" he asked the question coldly.

"I haven't been to ride, George."

"Haven't been to ride!" facing square about, and looking in her face.

"No."

"Didn't your friend come for you?"

"Yes."

"And why did you decline going with him?"

She opened her lips to speak; but something shut the words back in her thoughts.

Her husband saw it; he came toward her and laid his hand softly on her bright hair.

"May, was it for my sake?" his voice was scarcely above a whisper, and it was not just steady.

She bowed her head.

The young husband lifted her silently in his arms, and sat down in the chair; he held her very close to him, and he whispered softly,

"My own, precious wife!"

Then her tears broke out, a quick torrent; but they were tears in which was neither sorrow nor shame—tears of peace and gladness—and they flowed amidst sweet, soothing caresses, that healed whatever of pain was left in May Denison's heart.

And at last, when the tears were over, or only hung in still, bright drops on her lashes, she told her husband all that had been in her heart that day.

"Will you forgive me, George?"

And his eyes—those deep, beautiful, brown eyes, made full and satisfactory answer.

And sitting there they held, afterward, a long, sincere, loving talk, such as two can have who come out from doubt and darkness into perfect knowledge and peace—and *love*, which comprehends both the others.

And May Denison learned then, as she never had before, how her husband loved her, and what she was to him.

And when, in the bright, serene years of her after wedded life, May Denison looked back upon that day, she blessed God that when she was "tempted" she was not "overcome of evil."

Oh, young wife, reading this story, has it for you, too, neither message nor warning?

STANZAS.

BY SARAH J. C. WHITTLESEY.

THEY are watching for me now,
In the little cosy cot,
Gemming childhood's greenest spot,
Through the gleaming cups of gold,
Of the fragrant jessamine,
Hemming the low lattice in.

Small white fingers part the vines
From the flower-scented sill,
And adown the smooth green hill
Blue eyes pierce the twilight's gray,
Wond'ring "if she'll come to-day!"

I can see the summer smile
Fading from the lips of Kate,
Wond'ring "why she is so late!"
When the life-blood of the day
Bubbles from its wounded breast,
Crimsoning the murderous west.

I can hear the quiet words
Softly spoken of me there,
Sweetly as an evening prayer,
Wondering "how the many years
Gone, have left their finger-trace
On her happy, childlike face!"

Oh! the rose-tree by the gate,
May not cast its ruby leaves,
Underneath the low brown eaves,
And the vine-work round the sill,
May not lose its morning breath
Of perfume, in scentless death.

Ere the blue eyes shining there
Shall look, sparkling, down in hers,
After all the many years,
Changeful, that have come and gone—
Years of trials, tears, and gloom—
Since we met in that old home!

Alexandria, Va.

THE GREATEST PLAGUE OF LIFE.

It is the habit to complain that the servants in this country are about the worst in the world. They are very bad, at times, we grant; but in England the same complaints of them are made with no less justice. There has been a book written about them by Mr. Mayhew, illustrated by George Cruikshank, in which they are spoken of as "The Greatest Plague of Life." We have before us an English journal called *The Detective and Public Protector*, in which this great social evil is fully discussed.

"There is no doubt," says this authority, "that servants are, in the main, just what mistresses make them. The raw material, it is true, is none of the best, but it is not turned to the best account, except by a few strong-minded women." Is not this asserting too much? At any event, the first declaration here will not hold water. The mass of servants, in this country, are Irish, because the American girls are generally too proud and "sassy" to become domestics. In England, not one-third of the female domestics are Hibernian. The other two-thirds are chiefly supplied from the rural districts of Scotland and England, and may readily be trained into great helps and comforts in a household. The Scotch are the best, we think, and the Irish the worst, among the female domestics of England. Here, as we have said, the majority of female domestics are Irish. A few Americans, some Scotch and English, and a larger proportion of Germans, make up the whole complement—but as the Germans chiefly reside in German families, they are not to be taken into account here.

The Irish remit, as the Parliamentary statistics of Great Britain show, not less than \$5,000,000 a year for the purpose of enabling their relatives and friends to come over into this land of Goshen. Of the female immigrants (not emigrants) who are thus brought over, two-thirds become domestic servants. A very few of these have previously been in service in Ireland, and have learned something in that capacity. The remainder, in all probability, have never been a dozen times in their life in a carpeted room, and have seldom indulged in the luxury of wearing shoes and stockings, before their arrival here. The wages of domestic servants, in Ireland, run from \$5 to \$15 per annum. But the rawest of the Irish girls who hire themselves into domestic service here, will not commence at less than \$1 per week, or \$52 per year, and as soon as ever they learn anything of their

business, as servants, demand from a dollar and a half to two dollars a week—that, instead of \$5 to \$15 a year, they get from \$75 to \$100 before they have been six months in this country.

The sauciness of these "helps" is wonderful. In fact, it is not too much to say that "it is the servant who hires the master, and not the master who hires the servant." Accustomed in their own country to the humblest food—many of them only tasting meat two or three times in the year, (at Christmas and Easter,) no sooner are in service here than they turn up their noses at food which is good enough for their employer, and—like Mr. Whiffles, the Bath footman mentioned in "Pickwick," who resigned because asked to eat cold meat two days in succession—they sometimes leave their situations because the delicacies of the season are not provided for them!

With such servants, who will leave a family which has treated them with the utmost kindness and consideration, provided the change will, in the slightest degree, augment their emoluments, it is almost impossible for masters and mistresses to have much sympathy. Time was when female domestics became attached to families, and would remain with them from that attachment, even under worldly reverses. That has greatly changed. Self-interest alone actuates the servant now.

Female education, which professes so much and performs so little in this country, is much to blame for most of the discomfort afflicting households by reason of servants' misconduct. A young lady—the future mistress of a house and mother of a family—is taught a great many useless and unprofitable things. What use algebra, mathematics, natural philosophy, and such fancy attainments may be for such a young woman, we never could discover. In Germany, where the people are practical, these "higher" branches are not taught, but every young woman, from the highest rank to the lowest, is taught how to keep a house, how to cook, how to spin, how to cut out and make her own clothes. Add these essentials to the accomplishments—music, singing, drawing, dancing, languages—which also form part of this education, and you see, at once, why German women generally make good wives. They can do everything in their houses which they expect their servants to do, and therefore their servants cannot impose upon them. To some extent this is also the case in England, where the female head of the house sometimes is a

practical housewife, and, when she is, the business of that domicile goes on with the regularity of clockwork. These are the houses, *par excellence*, in which servants who neither impose nor are imposed upon, remain for a considerable time—until they marry, or after they settle down into established single-blessedness.

When the young housekeeper—the algebraic and mathematical prize pupil of the female “college” or “institute”—is ignorant of her business as mistress of a household, and painfully helpless from that ignorance, she is wholly at the mercy of the kitchen despots. Of course, waste and robbery then come into play, and domestic comfort, under the tyranny of the Biddies, is not to be looked for. The cases in which the domestic servants discountenance their mistresses’ visits to the kitchen are not rare, even in this well-regulated city. Nine-tenths of the domestic unhappiness of families is caused by the blundering ignorance, dishonest rapacity, and audacious tyranny of our domestic servants: but, primarily, by the imperfect education of the wives and mothers themselves, who can work a problem in Euclid, but cannot tell how long a boiled leg of mutton ought to be on the fire.

A correspondent suggests that it would be a decided improvement to introduce female Coolies as domestic servants, and he assures us that, within his own knowledge, the Chinese are easily trained into habits of service, and soon become real “helps” in a household. The idea is original, but the drawback would be the difficulty of teaching these people to speak English. They readily pick up several words of the language, but scarcely sufficient. At the same time, the experiment may be worth making, for any change *must* be for the better.

Philadelphia Press.

WORDS FROM MY CHIMNEY CORNER.

DEAR LADIES:

I do not see, and I never could see, even with my excellent spectacles, why people should not try to live just right. Even when I was a little child I used to ponder over those stories in the Bible, where all in the highways and byways of society were invited to come in to the feasts of rich men to share their hospitality, and those remarks in James, rebuking pride, for I saw among devout and earnest Christians that, though they might be very charitable and benevolent, still, the poor did not meet the wealthy on common ground—as

brothers. I often pity, now, the humble waiter who stands behind the chair of the epicure, with a great heart, perhaps, beating in his bosom; and the tired nurse, as she patiently watches over some restless child, while the handsome and admired mother is out at the midnight dance, or loitering in the parlor with the gay and trifling.

And why do good people despise the early and beautiful morning light, and waste their powers over the lamp, because to go early to bed is not elegant enough for them, and quite out of fashion? Do, dear ladies, read what Dr Franklin says about the discovery of that great luminary, the sun. I like old Franklin, and I do wish he was alive now. I certainly would invite him here to supper, for the sake of his good common sense, the most uncommon thing in the wide world.

Dress, too; oh! I am sick thinking of its abuse.

How much good might be done with the extravagant sums of money folks carry about on their shoulders. Why don't they wear calicoes and gingham? Just because their neighbors don't. But I will, just as truly as my name is Hannah Spectacles.

Supposing the ladies should agree, in any town, to dress simply, neatly, and cheaply. The money saved in this way alone, would do—oh! so much for the poor and ignorant, and for their own self-culture! I have a good mind to set Sister Honeybee out on such an attempt. She has more influence in her quiet way; and I never care who does the good, seeing it is done; which, I notice, is the great fault of philanthropists, for they want the credit of what is done. Owing to my spectacles showing the causes and consequences of things, I have really cured this propensity of my nature.

All I ask of the world is to be rational, dear ladies. They have mostly lost their true reason, or never had any; and all this is not so much from depravity, as from rank carelessness and thoughtlessness. Men, too, are much to blame for the folly and expensiveness of women. A sensible man knows that satins and silks pull the money just as straight out of his pocket, that money which should be given to God, as if any pickpocket in the land had stolen it; and he knows, or might know, if he would only look at our Kate, that a pretty calico at home, and some simple thing abroad, is quite as becoming as anything else can be.

But, as the book says, “There's no use crying,” and I suppose people will jog on pretty much so till the millennium, notwithstanding

me and my spectacles. I wish I could afford to lend them my spectacles; but I suppose they wouldn't know how to use them, and their loss might be fatal to me, to say nothing of the indirect injury to society at large.

Now, dear ladies, if I throw down my pen and go out milking, for the "men folks" are all gone, this afternoon, after the milk is strained and put away, I may feel like writing something more; but, on the whole, I believe the safest way is to clap my letter into one of these yellow envelopes, and send it to the Post Office by the first opportunity, as it is one of the peculiarities of my nature that there is no peace nor rest to my soul till my letters are in the Post Office.

Yours truly,

HANNAH SPECTACLES.

GOING AFTER THE COWS.

BY MRS. NELLIE C. FENN.

"MAX," said my uncle, as he passed his cup to be filled the third time, "we're all busy this evening; don't you want to ride down to the bottoms after supper, and bring up the cows?"

"Certainly! I will go with pleasure," I replied, pouring the fragrant tea into the mixture of cream and sugar which I had measured out with scrupulous exactness—for Uncle Zeke was very particular about the seasoning of his favorite beverage.

"That's a good gal—I knew you'd go, and I reckon we'll get that piece of corn hoed before dark, if we don't have to stop to do chores," was his congratulatory rejoinder, and, having finished his meal, he shoved back his chair, and, with a "come, boys," donned his slouched straw hat, and led the way to the cornfield.

It did not take me long to put away the china, and get the sitting-room in order; and, bridle in hand, I set forth to capture *Flash*, as I called the spirited black pony that was kept up, most of the time, for a saddle-beast.

He heard my voice, and anticipating some tit-bit from my outstretched hand, came trotting, with a tremulous neigh, toward me. "There, let *that* stay your stomach for a short canter!" I exclaimed, giving him a piece of bread and butter, and holding him by the forelock till he had devoured it, I slipped the bit into his mouth, pulled his pretty ears through the head-stall, buckled the throat-latch, and, leading him around to the stable door, I adjusted the saddle and padding, carefully let down the stirrups, for Aunt *Becky* had used it last, and she always persisted in sitting

in a most uncomfortably cramped position while riding—and, leaving the horse to follow me to the block, I hastened in to get my hat and habit, and, as it was only six o'clock, I ventured to take my portfolio, hoping to catch inspiration from a sunset scene which I knew awaited me, and resolving to take my own time for bringing up the cows.

"Now, *Flash*, for a merry, rollicking gallop! We know how to have our fun when we get into the free, glad wildwood, don't we? Good-bye to old Father Long-face; I shall breathe freely when I get out from under those spying eyes of his. Welcome, saucy zephyrs; kiss me all you like, and toss my curls till you make a gipsy fright of me—I care not, your cool caresses are delicious. Oh! what odors you bring me! and listen, hear that oriole, will you? Sing away, darling, your heart is no lighter than mine—As *free*, as *free* as the winds are we! Whoop! Away with you, *Flash*!" and chatting to myself, my pony, the birds, and the breezes, I dashed exultingly down the winding forest path that led to the river.

Now, then, I know you wish to be informed concerning the individual from whom I was so glad to escape; and, therefore, I will satisfy your curiosity in as few words as possible. Two weeks before, my uncle, with whom I had lived since early childhood, and whose faithful care of the lonely orphan had been as tender as a parent's, had received a letter from a young lawyer in St. Louis, requesting the privilege of becoming a boarder at our house during a short sojourn in our romantic region, for the purpose of restoring his health, which was suffering from too close an application to business; and, as Aunt *Becky* was one of the easiest, best-natured souls in the world, Uncle *Zeke* declared that, although he didn't much like them city chaps, he reckoned he'd let him come, as there didn't seem to be any other place for him; and so, two days after, the best room was given up to Mr. Merton.

I confess that I was considerably interested in him at first—that is, *before he came*. I had drawn my own picture of him, and, with a naturally lively imagination, which had been cultivated a little by a smattering of novel reading, I had fancied him possessed of my ideals of manly beauty. I was sure that he was tall, slender, and graceful—that his hair and eyes were as black as midnight, his smoothly-shaven cheek "*interestingly pale*," his lips curved in a fascinating smile, and his teeth of pearly whiteness: "WOULDN'T I make

Jim Harris wish he hadn't gone home from that sugar party with my blue-eyed Cousin Anna—as I rode, and walked, and seemed on very friendly terms with my town acquaintance; and many were the plans I laid for flirting, or *seeming* to flirt, with the expected stranger; for, if the truth must be told, I had had my little dream of school-girl love, and Jim Harris, with his bright black eyes, and merry voice, not to mention the fine farm that his father had promised him, possessed many attractions for me, and I did not fancy his apparent preference for Anna Fielding.

But what an awakening from my visions when their hero arrived. Tall enough he was, surely, but, almost aldermanic in breadth of shoulders and expansion of chest. "Mighty delicate he must be to need rest and country air," Aunt Becky said; and I thought the same, for he ate our corn bread, and drank milk, with rather too much of an appetite for an invalid. And then, his eyes were blue, and his hair a light brown, while the lower part of his face—lips, teeth, all—were concealed by horrid whiskers, and an ugly moustache, most unpoetically verging upon a sandy shade. Bah! I could not flirt with him, even to tease Jim Harris.

Then, he invested himself with such a provoking dignity; never laughing at any of my gay sallies, never noticing my kittens, but always gazing at me with such a look of commiseration that I fancied he was thinking—"You poor, silly child you, how ignorant you are." I could hardly keep from crying when I thought of my folly in permitting myself to associate him with anything like romance; HE twenty-eight and I *seventeen*, how ridiculous! I grew to dislike him, to answer his kind, patronizingly simple questions pettishly, and to shun the gaze of his great blue eyes, that seemed to haunt me at every turn.

I could never look up, while at table, without encountering their melancholy look of dreamy absence, and they were always pursuing me as I fled to my domestic duties. Just as sure as I went into the cellar with sleeves rolled up and my churning apron on, just so sure would "Father Longface" follow me there to get a glass of milk, a dish of clabber, or a little sweet cream to dip over a saucer of strawberries; and it was very embarrassing to be obliged to hold a conversation while engaged in skimming milk, turning the churn-crank, or working over butter. I couldn't frighten him away by spattering cream or butter-brine over his broad-cloth, in my energetic application to

my tasks; he persisted in carrying up the pails of sour milk, though assured that Dinah would come for them—he liked the *exercise*, he said, and, not until I had informed him that no one about the place was permitted to interfere with the butter-making, which I had undertaken to superintend for the summer, would he believe that I was in no need of assistance in dairy matters. If I sewed, he watched me nervously—as if fearful that I had not sense enough to keep from pricking my fingers; if I walked in the garden he was there, always ready with his knife to sever a rose for me, and I could not arrange a tasteful bouquet to save my life, under the supervision of those criticising eyes. His dignified, fatherly watchfulness had become a perfect restraint upon me. And now you know why I congratulated myself upon the prospect of one of my free forest rambles, as I set forth with Flash after the cows.

Oh, that ride! how I enjoyed it! My steed and I seemed one, a being possessed of unseen wings, floating, and rocking, and bounding along with thistle-down motion, as we sailed upon the fragrant waves of air. I could have wept in my excess of happiness, as, wearied with talking and laughing, and singing and shouting, my full heart swelled with its sense of beauty and joy, till it actually ached with its imprisoned ecstacy. "Oh, if I could only embody the beauty, the music, the poetry of nature upon canvas, and impart to a kindred heart, by my glowing touch, a tithe of the rapture I feel while gazing upon such scenes, I could indeed be happy!" I thought; but I banished the theme, for it always brought vague dreams and discontent; and so, shaking the reins, and patting my pony's neck, I cheered him on, conscious only of the enjoyment of a most exhilarating exercise.

We reached the "bottoms," as the river banks were called, and, seeing at a glance that among the drove of full-fed, sleek cows before me were those I came to seek, I stopped upon the bluff, slipped from the saddle, and opening my portfolio, prepared to sketch a scene upon the opposite bank.

But I had ridden fast, and felt heated; so I ran down into a gorge where I knew there was a clear, mossy pool of cool water, and made a hasty toilette. "You gipsy elf, you!" I exclaimed, addressing my mirrored self, as a glimpse of my dark face, with its flushed cheeks, its flashing eyes, and its frame of disordered tresses, black as ebony, arrested my attention. "Why couldn't you have been fair,

gentle, and lovable, like Cousin Anna," I continued, almost fiercely regarding the emerald framed image before me. That dear little pool—what a silvery, moss-encircled mirror it was; every night the stars peeped into its limpid depths, and perhaps the eyes of my angel mother smiled upon it sometimes—it was a soothing thought, and, bathing my glowing cheeks, and dipping my brow into the crystal fount, I shook down my jetty ringlets, all sparkling with the gems that dripped from them, and stooped to take a draught from the little rill which came laughing down from a cleft in the rock above, and fell with soft murmurs into the tiny lakelet below.

"Primitive fashion, I declare!" and a low, musical laugh startled me from my devotional attitude, and, looking up toward the head of the gorge, I saw—oh, misery!—my tormentor, "Father Longface."

Now, in contemplation of such an event, I know I should have fancied myself putting on an air of dignity, assuming chilling tones, and a haughty glance, and possessing the power of nearly annihilating the presumptuous Mr. Merton, just as you, gentle reader, are doubtless thinking you would have done; but, somehow, I couldn't summon my heroics, but, taken altogether by surprise, I blushed, laughed, and then, as a sense of my awkwardness and embarrassment, my disappointment and chagrin overcame me, I dropped my face forward into my hands, sank to a seat upon an old gray rock, and sobbed like a detected truant.

"May! darling! what is it?" and I knew that he was beside me; and, as he drew my head upon his bosom in his tender, brotherly way, I was weak enough to let it remain there, just a moment, till I had controlled my foolish tears; and then, vexed at my lack of decision, I raised it, and sweeping back my disheveled hair, recalled some of the half-smothered fire to my eyes, and asked, indignantly—

"Mr. Merton, why do you follow me so?"

"You must pardon me, May—Miss Leslie, I mean; I did not follow you this evening; I believe I set out *first*, but took another path to this favorite retreat of mine; I have visited it often, and had not the slightest idea that your search for the cows would lead you here; but, seeing your horse grazing riderless upon the bluff, and finding your portfolio open, and its contents scattered upon the ground, I became alarmed about you, fearing you might have been thrown, and, dismounting at the head of the ravine, I ran down just in time to see you turn from your quaint toilette, and

kneel to quaff the waters of this gushing spring, like a true forest maiden; and, if I have been betrayed by the vision and what followed into too warm an expression of my feelings, you will forgive me, will you not, my little friend?" and he extended his hand with an air of frank sincerity, while an ingenuous blush mantled his cheeks and brow, and a light beamed from those hitherto disagreeably-blue eyes that thrilled me with its soft radiance, and invested them with a strange fascination.

Before I knew it I had grasped his hand, laughingly assuring him of forgiveness, and thanking him for his kind interest in such a worthless little baggage as myself.

"I was not aware till this evening that you *painted*, Miss May; I knew, from your physiognomy, that you had a taste for the fine arts, but I did not suppose that you had ever had an opportunity for its cultivation," said Mr. Merton, as we walked up the gorge.

"Oh, I hope you did not see those daubs? I have never had any instruction. My mother was fond of painting and drawing, and I have copied some of her pieces, and made a few attempts at sketching from nature, but I would not for the world submit them to criticism," I replied in confusion.

"Nevertheless, I have been rude enough to look at them, and shall take the liberty of criticising them, too, believing that by so doing I shall only act the part of a friend. Your pieces are imperfect, of course, but they show a true eye, a fine conception, and a skillful hand; you will make an artist, May, with proper advantages, and you must go where those advantages can be enjoyed."

"*Will*" and "*must*"—how he talked; just as if he had a *right* to pass his judgment upon me, and direct my future course; and yet, I rather liked it; it was so different from the coaxing tone and flattering language usually adopted by my uncle and aunt when they addressed their wayward pet; so I replied—"Indeed, sir, I don't think I am likely to improve much by any teaching I shall get in this out-of-the-way place."

"I shall be most happy to assist you while I remain, if you will permit me to become your teacher."

He was an artist, then; I felt a suddenly inspired reverence for him. "Thank you, Mr. Merton; you are very kind, but you would find me a troublesome pupil, I fear; and I think it would only make me dissatisfied with my humble efforts, while it gave me but little

chance of improvement to take a few lessons, and then be left without guidance."

"But if I could persuade your uncle to send you to town, where you could have a better teacher, and take a full course of lessons, what then?"

My eyes flashed up to meet his gaze, full of anxious inquiry and earnest gratitude, and I thought his melancholy face really beautiful as he answered my glance with a tender smile, saying—

"I have taken an interest in you, little May, from the first; you so closely resemble in form and expression of features, though entirely different in complexion, a dear sister who was all the relative I had to love, and who went up to join the angels last autumn, leaving me alone in this dreary world."

He, too, was an orphan then, and had drank deeply from sorrow's cup—and the dreamy gaze from which I had shrunk had been called forth by my resemblance to the loved and lost, and I had often, by my pouting lip, averted face, and peevish replies, broken the delicious spells into which that memory-awakening likeness had cast him. A chord of sympathy was touched in my heart. I regretted that I had ridiculed his grave manners, and resolved never to call him nicknames again.

I could not tell you, even if I had time, all that we said as we remounted our horses, herded the cows, and pursued our way home. Suffice it to say, that we were very good friends after that, and, after taking a sort of preparatory course in drawing and painting, under Mr. Merton's tuition, I was placed by my ever-indulgent Uncle Zeke at an excellent school in town, where I learned many useful things, and made rapid progress in my favorite art. At the expiration of three years I concluded that, although May Leslie was "a charming name," as all the school-girls declared, May Merton was quite as musical, and, having changed my mind as to some of the important requisites of a husband, I, who once declared that I would never marry a man over five years my senior, and he must be slender and graceful, and have black eyes too—became the wife of the dignified, portly Mr. Merton. I cannot tell how it happened; but my husband is said to make excellent pleas, and when he told me that he *must* have his little May to grace that sweet home of his, I could not say "No," and I have never wished that I had.

I could not be contented with city life, however. Like a true country girl, I pined for nature's wild haunts, where I could best enjoy

my taste for the beautiful; and besides, I was *unromantic* and practical enough to think a good deal of sweet butter and fresh eggs; and, as my husband had a taste for farm life, and Uncle Zeke and Aunt Becky were getting old, and wanted to give up care, we concluded to come back to the *dear old homestead*, among the quiet scenes of which we have already found more peaceful enjoyment than often falls to the lot of mortals.

I paint a little, occasionally, and the walls of our pretty parlor are garnished with some of my best pieces; but the most beautiful work that adorns our happy home, and the one of which I am most proud, is yonder sleeping cherub, whose rare loveliness nature alone can essay to create, the pencil of Art may scarcely venture to *copy*. We call him Alfred, after his father, but his pet name is *Allie*.

I make my own butter, hunt eggs in the old barn, sing a lullaby to Allie while doing my sewing with the assistance of "Jennie"—as I call my good "Raymond machine"—and, if you should ask me what put it into my head to write this little sketch, I should tell you that, after listening to Cousin Anna Harris's declaration that she believed that true love always manifested itself at *first sight*—quoting the attachment between herself and Jim, among other instances, to prove her assertion, I was reminded of the dawn of my first *real* love by the judge's abrupt question, as he saw Andy leading up Flash and Princess, saddled for our evening ride—

"Wife, don't you want to ride down to the bottoms with me to bring up the cows?"

THE TALENT OF SUCCESS.

Every man must patiently abide his time. He must wait. Not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection, but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavor, always willing, fulfilling, and accomplishing his task, "that when the occasion comes he may be equal to the occasion." The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame. If it comes at all it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. It is a very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much about fame, about what the world says of us, to be always looking in the face of others for approval, to be always anxious about the effect of what we do or say, to be always shouting to hear the echoes of our own voices.—*Longfellow*.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

"THAT LITTLE CHILD."

A True Story.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

We stood in the front door and looked up and down the street. It was a bright May morning, and the sun poured its light everywhere, and painted all things with its golden glory for the joy of shining, just as God's heart rains down continually its showers of gifts on the whole earth, for the joy of giving.

We looked up and down the street with wistful eyes, while the sweet spring sunshine warmed and gladdened our hearts, for we were a "stranger in a strange city," and the tall brick houses, with the narrow breadth of sky overhead, and the sound and turmoil which filled the air, all fell upon our soul and fairly sickened it, while we thought how, out in the still country, the new green leaves were fluttering in the soft winds, and the birds were singing among the early blossoms the sweet songs of another spring.

But suddenly, all these things were swept out of our thoughts by a spectacle which arrested our attention, and fairly made our heart stand still.

A policeman was coming up the street leading a young man, whose face was so covered with blood that the sight would have sickened you, and you could see, too, that the face was a harsh, sullen one; while behind the two men walked a young woman, wearing no bonnet, her hair dishevelled, and her face smeared with blood, and, most pitiful sight of all, she was leading a little child by the hand.

It just "toddled" along at her side, its sweet face full of careless wonder and innocence, with no thought of the shame or sorrow that had fallen on its young head—the sunshine playing in its hair as brightly as the thoughts did in its little heart.

It was going to the "station," and from thence, likely, to prison with its father and mother, for by these sweet and holy names it probably called that miserable man and woman, who had been fighting with each other as wild beasts would hardly have fought in dens and caves of the earth.

But just as the four got opposite the door, the child's shoe slipped off its foot, and the woman and the two men paused a moment and looked down on the little thing.

"Put on that child's shoe," said the young man to the woman, in a tone such as we never before heard a man use to woman—such as we hope we never may again.

The mother bent down, and her fingers slipped about the little foot and the small shoe, but she might have been dizzy from her loss of blood, or faint from her shameful strife, for though the little thing stood very still, the shoe did not go on.

"Put on that child's shoe;" *this time* it was the policeman that spoke, somewhat as the father had done; but the woman either could not or would not succeed.

And at last the policeman bent down himself and took the little foot in his large hand, tenderly as the tenderest mother would have done; and he lifted the shoe in the other, and slipped it on the small foot; and the child stood still, and the faces of the men and the woman seemed to soften as they looked on it.

Then they started on again—the two men ahead, the little, toddling thing by its mother's side; and oh! little children, who read this story, can you think with what feelings we stood in the front door and gazed after them. We thought what a "little child" was—what a precious and blessed thing everywhere; how it softened and touched the hardest and worst hearts, and found its way to something sweet, and gentle, and tender in the worst human souls.

And we thought of that little child going in its sweet, trusting innocence, from its home of disgrace and sin to another darker and more shameful still, without a shadow of care or fear, and we thought of its future—oh, God! take care of "that little child!"

Oh, little children, you know not what you are—angels and ministers of God sprinkled as flowers are sprinkled over all the earth, filling its highways and barren places with beauty, and grace, and fragrance.

ROVER AND HIS LITTLE MASTER.

"Come, Rover!" said Harry, as he passed a fine old Newfoundland dog that lay on a mat at the door; "come, Rover! I am going down to the river to sail my boat, and I want you to go with me."

Rover opened his large eyes, and looked lazily at his little master.

"Come! Rover! Rover!"

But the dog didn't care to move, and so Harry went off to the river side alone. He had not been gone a great while before a thought of her boy came suddenly into the mother's mind. Remembering

that he had a little vessel, and that the river was near, it occurred to her that he might have gone there.

Instantly her heart began to throb with alarm.

"Is Harry with you?" she called up to Harry's father, who was in his study. But Harry's father said he was not there.

"I'm afraid he's gone to the river with his boat," said the mother.

"To the river!" And Mr. Lee dropped his pen, and came quickly down. Taking up his hat, he went hurriedly from the house. Rover was still lying upon the mat, with his head upon his paws and his eyes shut.

"Rover!" said his master, in a quick, excited voice, "where is Harry? Has he gone to the river? Away and see! quick!"

The dog must have understood every word, for he sprang eagerly to his feet, and rushed toward the river. Mr. Lee followed as fast as he could run. When he reached the river bank he saw his little boy in the water, with Rover dragging him toward the shore. He was just in time to receive the half-drowned child in his arms, and carry him home to his mother.

Harry, who remained insensible, was placed in a warm bed. He soon, however, revived, and in an hour or two was running about again. But after this, Rover would never leave the side of his little master when he wandered beyond the garden gate. Wherever you found Harry, there Rover was sure to be—sometimes walking by his side, and some-

times lying on the grass, with his big eyes watching every movement.

Once Harry found his little vessel, which had been hidden away since he went with it to the river, and, without his mother's seeing him, he started again for the water. Rover, as usual, was with him. On his way to the river he saw some flowers, and, in order to gather them, put his boat down upon the grass. Instantly Rover picked it up in his mouth, and walked back toward the house with it. After going a little way, he stopped, looked around, and waited until Harry had got his hand full of flowers. The child then saw that Rover had his boat, and tried to get it from him; but Rover played around him, always keeping out of his reach, and retreating toward the house until he got back within the gate. Then he bounded into the house, and laid the boat at the feet of Harry's mother.

Harry was a little angry with the good old dog, at first, but when his mother explained to him what Rover meant, he hugged him around the neck, and said he would never go down to the river again any more.

Harry is a man now, and Rover has long since been dead; but he often thinks of the dear old dog that saved him from drowning when he was a child; and it gives him great pleasure to remember that he never beat Rover, as some boys beat their dogs when they are angry, and was never unkind to him. Had it been otherwise, the thought would have given him great pain.

Mothers' Department.

NOISY BOYS.

No. II.

"What shall we do with our boys?" was the rather anxious inquiry made by Mr. Watson to his wife, on the first evening of their return to their city home from a long summer vacation, spent amidst the charming variety of country life.

The two boys, Edwin and George, and even the youngest pet, little Ella, had been consigned at an unusually early hour to the repose which they so much needed after a day of excitement and fatigue, and were, therefore, not present to give their advice in the matter. But the mother had been settling that question in her mind for the last few weeks; so she was fully prepared with an answer, and looked up with a smile that might have driven away a much darker cloud than that which rested on the brow of her husband.

"O, I have a fine plan for them," she answered;

"I thought it all over when we were at Aunt Nelly's, and I have only waited for a convenient opportunity of telling you. You know how impossible it has always seemed to us, to tame down the spirits of our two boys, when they have been used to the freedom of the woods and the hills for so many months. Nay, how cruel it has been, too; for in a few weeks their bright red cheeks would fade and become sickly hued, and their fine country appetites dwindle down into a fretful whine for dainties and confectioneries, that almost always made them ill. How often I have wished that we could live in the country always, and have our children become strong and healthy from exercise in the open air!"

"But as we cannot do that, little wife—neither you nor I being fitted in our habits and associations for such a life—we shall have to be content with inhaling, for a short season, its wholesome breezes, and feasting our eyes with its beauties, making what

arrangements we can in the meantime, to secure health and vigor to our children. So what is this famous plan of yours?"

"Well, you remember how fond Edwin is of tools. Uncle said he really gave him a great deal of help when he was making those two large gates for the clover lot; and if he could have had his way he would have put a blouse on him, and apprenticed him to a carpenter, instead of sending him back to the city to pine within four brick walls. Then George has a perfect mania for making little models with his knife; and he seems so happy when he is at work—whistling or singing the whole time. Now, husband, this is my plan. You know there is an unoccupied room over the wash-house. If you will furnish the boys with some boards and a few necessary implements, I will have it put in perfect order; and then, at their play hours, they can not only be kept out of mischief, but enjoy themselves finely."

"Agreed," said Mr. Watson, looking much relieved; "I shall think the investment of a few dollars quite a profitable one, if the plan work well. Only I shall expect to have a full trial made of the enterprise, and will give you a whole week to prove its utility and practicability, before you report finally upon its advantages and disadvantages."

During the time specified Mr. Watson forbore to ask any questions either of his wife or boys, concerning their new mode of employing leisure hours. Indeed, there appeared to be a tacit agreement on their part, as well as on his, to keep silence on the subject; although many mysterious hints and looks passed between the two boys and their mother whenever they were summoned from their employments to meet their father. Only he could not help observing that their spirits were much higher than was usual for them, after a season of recreation and return to their accustomed studies; and he thought that both mother and children looked happier.

"Well, how come on our knights of the saw and the turning lathe?" he asked one afternoon, when the allotted period had come to a close. "Have you succeeded as well as you expected in your model manual labor school?"

"Beautifully," said Mrs. Watson laughing; "I have never had such a week. I think I shall be able, soon, to do all my own work, for little Ella has been as amused and absorbed as any one. I have contrived to spend the whole of their recreation time with them, to encourage them in their primary attempts; and though, at first, the noise of their tools was anything but agreeable, I soon became accustomed to it. Then, when we were all tired of work, we sang, and little Ella sat on the floor twining shavings for curls among her pretty hair, and crowing with delight."

"And how many cut fingers and blistered hands have you had to tie up in that time?"

"O, there is nothing like experience for curing

such things. The boys have become quite expert already, and in a little time will learn to use their tools without awkwardness. But come, you must see that our week's probation has been one of usefulness as well as of pleasure."

She led the way, as she spoke, to the little workshop, which had, through her exertions, taken the place of the lumber loft above the wash house. Two windows, set wide open, made a pleasant current of air to pass through the apartment; and there, at their favorite employments, were the two boys, busy as if their daily bread depended on their exertions. How proud and happy they looked, as the various articles that had employed them through the week were brought forward for exhibition. First there was a footstool, neatly put together, which their mother had covered with some tasteful embroidery; then a set of shelves or book rack, for their father to have his favorite volumes close beside him; and this was also ornamented by her skillful hand. A few neatly turned articles for her work box, and a curious toy or two for the baby, who was their pet and plaything, completed the show.

"Well done," said Mr. Watson, as he finished his survey both of the premises and the articles that had been produced therein; "this is something better than the old fashion of making a nuisance of noisy boys, and treating them as one would a monkey in a china shop. I see I shall have more beefsteaks and potatoes to buy, and less of those endless phials and pill boxes that used to adorn your shelves."

So we say to all parents, provide your children with some proper employment for their leisure hours, such a one as shall work off their superfluous energies, and increase the strength, and develop the play of their muscles. In the case of very young children, edged tools will, of course, be dangerous, but other occupations may be resorted to. And so order your time as to spend, if possible, these leisure hours in their company. Nothing so much encourages the efforts of children as the presence and smiles of the mother. If it be only a block house that is in progress of building, let the mother's eye but be directed toward it, and how much more rapidly it goes up! how great the zeal to win her approbation and deserve it!

But let every such exercise be taken in a well ventilated and neatly kept apartment. There are few city houses that cannot spare a room for such purposes. In the country it is not needful, and there can be no excuse for noisy boys in the house, abundant space being given to them in the open air for the free exercise both of limbs and lungs. See to it, then, mothers, that your children are provided with healthful employment for their bodies. This will serve to strengthen their mental powers likewise, and is as necessary for the welfare of both, as food and air to their mere existence.

Hints for Housekeepers.

VENTILATION IN BED-ROOMS.—Pure air is essential to health, and at night the free supply of it is of especial moment. Each sleeper draws into the chest, about fifteen times in every minute, a certain quantity of the surrounding atmosphere, and returns it, after a change within the body, mixed with a poison. 150 grains by weight of this poisonous ingredient are added to the air of a bed-room in one hour by a single sleeper, more than 1,000 during the night. Unless there be a sufficient quantity of air to dilute this, or unless ventilation provide for a gradual removal of foul air, while fresh comes to take its place, health must be seriously undermined. Dr. Hunter states, in his work on the "Diseases of the Throat and Lungs," that impure air alone will bring on consumption in the soundest constitution. The oxygen of the air we breathe regulates our appetite, and to the weight of a grain the nutriment that is built up in the system. The chyle undergoes its last vital change in the lungs, and that change depends on the perfect performance of respiration, and on a sufficient supply of pure air. When respiration is obstructed by disease, the appetite fails and the body wastes away. When the air breathed is impure, the same thing takes place.

OUR FOOD.—About 704 lbs. of solid food are consumed annually by a healthy, vigorous man, and the daily consumption of carbon in his system is about 5,500 grains, and of nitrogen 125 grains. A diet of 12 ounces of beef, and 20 ounces of bread, with half an ounce of butter, will supply this daily waste. If there is a deficiency in clothing, a large quantity of respiratory food must be consumed to keep up vital heat. The Hottentots and Bushmen of South Africa consume enormous quantities of lean flesh, for there is little heat-giving principle in it. An Esquimaux will eat 20 pounds of flesh and oil daily; and the Russians and others, living in cold climates, use large quantities of fats and oils, heat-producing or respiratory ingredients. Of the saline elements of food, common salt is the most important. Both man and animals must have it. Boussingault found that when cows were deprived of salt, they got lean; their hair became matted; bald patches appeared upon their bodies, and they became cold and phlegmatic.

Wheat comes nearest the type of what our food should be. Barley contains less nutritious matter. Oatmeal makes a good diet for those who work hard; it contains a great deal of fatty matter, as well as gluten, and is very nutritious. Barley-meal

is not nearly so nourishing. Indian meal contains a large quantity of fat, but is deficient in gluten. Rice is the least nutritious of all the cereals, and even birds will starve upon it. Potatoes are far from being nutritious, and require to be taken along with nitrogenous kinds of food. Tea and coffee, though not very nourishing in themselves, serve a very important purpose in the body. The cooking of food has much to do with its economy and nutritive value. Overdone meat is not easily digested. The objects of cooking are—to soften the intercellular matters; to coagulate the fluid albuminous constituents; and to produce flavors. If boiled meat is to have the greatest possible amount of nutriment and flavor, it must be suddenly plunged into boiling water, and then boiled at a temperature of 160°. In roasting meat, it should first be placed near a very sharp fire, then withdrawn, and kept at a temperature of 160° till well cooked. To make a rich broth, macerate chopped meat for a few hours, and then, after slowly heating to ebullition, let it boil for some minutes, and flavor and brown, as is commonly done.

RICE FROTH.—A cheap and ornamental dish. For one third of a pound of rice, allow one quart of new milk, the whites of three eggs, three ounces of loaf sugar, finely pounded, a stick of cinnamon, or eight or ten drops of Extract of Almond, or six or eight young laurel leaves, and a quarter of a pound of raspberry jam. Boil the rice in a pint, or rather less of water; when the water is absorbed, add the milk, and let it go on boiling till quite tender, keeping it stirred to prevent burning. If cinnamon or laurel leaves are used, boil them with the milk, and remove them when the rice is sufficiently boiled. If essence of almonds be used for flavoring, it may be dropped among the sugar; when the rice milk is cold, put it in a glass dish, or china bowl. Beat up the egg whites and sugar to a froth, cover the rice with it, and put bits of raspberry jam over the top.

FRENCH MUSTARD.—We offer you the following simple recipe for French mustard:—One ounce of mustard and two pinches of salt are mixed in a large wineglassful of boiling water, and allowed to stand twenty-four hours. Then pound in a mortar one clove of garlic, a small handful of tarragon, another of garden cress, and add to the mustard, putting vinegar according to taste.

TO IMPRESS PATTERNS OF EMBROIDERY ON LINEN.
—The black sheets, (which may be bought separately,) belonging to a Manifold Writer, is an effective agent in transferring patterns. Place on the linen such a black sheet, on that the pattern to be transferred; then trace with a knitting needle or other blunt point over the pattern, and every line will be faithfully reproduced on the linen.

OATMEAL CAKE.—Put one pound of Scotch oatmeal, soaking in sour buttermilk over night, the next day rub a quarter of an ounce of carbonate of soda into one pound of fine flour, a little salt, mix in with the oatmeal; roll out any size required, and bake in a moderate oven.

MUFFINS.—Melt three spoonful of butter in three pints of new milk. Add three beaten eggs, and a teaspoonful of salt, when quite cold. Stir in flour to make a batter as thick as you can well stir. Add two table-spoonful of fresh yeast, then cover, and allow it to rise. When quite light, bake in muffin rings.

APPLE GINGER.—Two pounds of hard apples, pare, core, and cut them into eight pieces; put into cold water, as you cut them, simply to preserve their color. Make a rich syrup of three pounds of white sugar, four ounces of *tincture of ginger*; put in the apples, and boil it all up until transparent. The longer it is kept the better it is.

Health Department.

SUGGESTIONS ON HEALTH.

No. I.

BY HATTIE HOPEFUL.

Spring, with its cheering sunshine and balmy breezes has come—the woodlands and groves resound with the singing of birds—the peaceful sheep and playful lamb roam over the hill-sides, or through the meadows, with renewed activity and delight.

Confinement seems more endurable during the cold blasts of winter, than at any other season; but, when these are past, instinct impels animals to roam for food and exercise. Mankind, their superior, needs to go forth to renovate their wasted or relaxed energies, no less than animals.

Those who have been the most confined within doors during the cold, stormy winter, need more than others, out-door exercise in pleasant weather. The wise must realize that an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure, when cure can be obtained; but all know that cure is not always effected. There is a point, beyond which, violated nature can no more rally.

There are physical laws which must be observed, to preserve the lives and health of men and animals. Men engaged in sedentary employments, women and children confined within doors, suffer greatly in health and muscular strength. They also suffer mentally from the same cause.

All breathing animals have lungs filled with innumerable air-cells, which must have room to expand, and fresh air to fill them, (occasionally at least,) or sickness and death will inevitably supervene, as a result of violated physical law.

How can the lungs of women and children expand, when their clothing is so tight as not to allow room for expansion? How can they breathe pure air, when they seldom go where it freely circulates? And how will it find access to the lungs, if their outlet, (the mouth,) is closed or covered? People often ride out for the purpose of an airing, with their mouths covered with muffs, cravats, &c., as if they feared imbibing a breath of pure air. This shows the defect of an education that teaches so little of the structure and needs of the human system.

No knowledge is more essential to individuals, societies, and the world, than that which tends to preserve the life and health of the body and strength of the mind! "The harp of a thousand strings," unmarred by ignorance or vice, exhibits the most perfect and judicious workmanship of an all-wise and benevolent Architect. How truly has sin brought death into the world, prematurely; for all violation of physical law is sin, which brings its inevitable results, sickness, pain, sorrow, and premature death! Our Creator designed that the physical laws of all beings should be observed and practiced, for the preservation of health, life, beauty, and usefulness. Sound health, combined with judicious mental and moral culture, insures soundness of mind and judgment.

How absurd to think women and children must be dressed, so as to cramp some of the organs of the body to the smallest compass—fetter others—overburthen some parts—and expose others! How many mothers think the little tender arms of their infants feel not the cold air of winter—that the

bare necks, and almost bare limbs of the little girl, can safely repel the influence of the chilling air that so freely circulates under hooped skirts!

Women, children, invalids, and sedentary people, should seek every opportunity to take out-door exercise, at the approach of spring. Thousands

of faded forms may find the "fountain of youth," and renovated energy, exercising in the garden, or among the flowers which their own hands may plant around their dwellings. Spring, with balmy breezes, invites to engage in these invigorating exercises, which restore health, strength, and happiness.

Toilette and Work Table.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

BY GENIO C. SCOTT, OF NEW YORK.

DETAILS OF DESIGN.

PLATE OF COLORED DESIGNS—LADY ON THE LEFT.

Toilet for the Country.—Undulating straw hat, very low in the crown, and trimmed with velvet strings and field flowers.

Dress and *casaque* of white marseilles, braided with red and white *soutache*. The buttons on the *casaque* are of mother-of-pearl, put on with rings and oilets. The body of the *casaque* fits closely, with high neck, surmounted with a small *ruche* collar.

The fitting sleeve terminates in a *Louis XV.* cuff. On each side of the skirt is a pocket under a scalloped flap. Drab kid gloves, and *satin français* laced boots.

This costume—only a shorter *casaque*—was received with great favor by our demoiselles, year before last; since which it has maintained vogue, and with the increase of its length the ornamentation has become more and more elaborate.

The present fashion of Riding Habit is quite in this style of cut, being made of nankin and trimmed with white. Of course, the riding skirt is plain, being four yards wide, and three-quarters of a yard longer than for promenade. The hat for riding costume is of straw, has a crown of drab silk, and drab silk lines the brim; and it is ornamented with a tuft of yellow or drab cock feathers, tipped with green. The crown is three and a half inches deep, round tip, and the brim, about three inches wide, is curled slightly on each side. High satin lasting lace-boots are regarded as more modestly becoming for ladies' riding wear, than the real boot; but with the Rosa Bonheur costume for rural promenade, fishing, &c., &c., the calf-skin or patent-leather boot is preferred.

As the Rosa Bonheur costume is coming into vogue, and increasing in favor for wear on rural recreations, we will here describe it:—

The hat is of thin, fine felt, half stiff; oval, convex crown, three and a half inches deep; brim three inches wide, and flat set; velvet ribbon band and strings; no binding to the brim. The color may be black, brown, or drab. Straw hats of this shape and trim may be substituted.

Short French basque to fit the form of the body, and close with a row of buttons up the front. Rosa Bonheur wears a short, loose velvet basque, over a vest cut like that for gentlemen's wear; but the close basque, without vest, rolling on the chest to disclose a finely plaited breast of a *chemisette*, is preferred by our ladies. The skirt of the dress reaches to about the middle row of the trimmings of skirt, fig. 1 on picture plate. Skirt and basque entirely plain edges, and the lower skirt buttons or buckles to straps on the under side of the basque at the waist, to prevent the necessity for wearing the dress too close for vigorous exercise.

Grecian trousers, cut remarkably full, and felled to a band at the ankle. If boots are worn, the legs should be very large, and from eight to ten inches long, to admit the very full bottoms of the trousers; but many ladies prefer lace-boots, high enough to cover the band to which the bottom of the trouser is gathered.

Light mixed cashmerotte, *drap d'été*, or cassimere, are the goods preferred; and boots are the best wear on troutng excursions, through pastures, meadows, and along the rippling brooks, whose waters kiss the bending willows and overhanging alders.

This costume is entirely classical, being composed of a Rosa Bonheur hat, a French *basque*, Styrian skirt, Grecian trousers, gauntlet gloves, and Suwar-row boots.

LADY ON THE RIGHT.

Dinner Dress.—Head dress in puffed *bandeaux*. In order to dress the hair in such lively and yet rich *bandeaux*, the ladies of Paris employ horse-hair thread, around the elastic bands of which they roll the hair so artistically as not to disclose the support of the hair. It is a charming fashion

for summer-time, so comfortable, and yet so rich, without the aid and weight of ribbon and floral confections.

Robe of triple *taffetas, broche* with little bouquets *à la Pompadour*.

The high body is closed with little silk buttons.

The cuts formed by taking out the pinches on the stomach are covered with darts of green silk, and three darts trim the back in harmony with the front.

The silk waist-ribbon is closed at front by a steel clasp, or *agrafe*.

The close-fitting sleeve is ornamented on the under side with a row of buttons reaching from the elbow to the turn-back wristband.

The jockeys to the sleeves are trimmed with ribbon like that which trims the body.

The plain skirt is edged at the bottom with a narrow velvet ribbon.

Collar of embroidered muslin edged with lace. *Manchettes* in keeping. Gloves of straw-colored kid.

GENERAL REMARKS.

The important subject with *demoiselles*—and one of the most interesting to their anxious mammas—is the type of the Broadway Bonnet most suitable to their years and complexions. Types of this *genre* are multiplying so fast that even we feel puzzled in selecting those best calculated for the lady readers of the Home Magazine. There are now three distinct types, as follows:—The plain front and cap crown—the border and *passe* being in one piece, with a full crown covered with lace, like the following engraving:



BROADWAY BONNET.

Border and passe in one piece.

The plain front may be of fine Leghorn straw, or it may be of green, lilac, or drab silk. The curtain is the same color and material. The crown is of a

relief in color, full and sloping, covered with white lace for evening wear, and black lace, or lace netting, for morning. Between the crown and the front (*passe and border*) is a rouleau of ribbon to harmonize with the under crown; and the heading of the curtain is of a very narrow *ruche* in the same color. The strings are either of ribbon of half width, like the crown, and half like the front, or like the front and curtain.

Although at the inauguration of the Broadway Bonnet many fine *artistes* in millinery thought it advisable not to ornament with a *dessous*, but to leave the hair—as nature's ornament—unaided; yet this has since been found not to answer, and both the edgings and *dessous* are now subject to the caprice of the wearer or the milliner. The bonnet from which we made the drawing for the above engraving, is by the most talented *artiste* of the house of Brown & Co., opposite the Metropolitan Hotel. It has not a single floral ornament, the edges are entirely plain, but the *dessous* is made of ribbon and jets; the knots and bows of ribbon to harmonize with the color of the border. It is one of the most stylish bonnets that we have seen.

The next type of the style is composed of a plain border, a shirred *passe*, and a triple band crown, similar to the following engraving:—



The border of this bonnet is of plain drab silk; crown of the sloping cap form, with either three box-plaits, or three ribbons of same color, falling over the back of the crown, and caught up lightly under the narrow pinked *ruche* which heads the curtain. Curtain of same material as the border. The *passe* is shirred, and either of French blue or green silk. The (brides) strings, are of the two colors composing the bonnet. The *ruches* are the same color as the *passe*. The *dessous* is composed of floral ornaments, with cheeks of blonde. This forms a general bonnet, fit for most occasions. The colors may be selected to improve the com-

plexion; and green would be better than blue—as the *passé*—for a pale complexion.

The third type of the Broadway Bonnet is the same shape as the first engraving, except that the crown is hard and covered with lace.

One of the most beautiful bonnets of this *genre*, was entirely of straw, with ornamental straw bands over the full straw crown, and borders of straw in exquisite workmanship.

The drab border and curtain, with the crown covered with figured lace, is the favorite style.

The picture-plate with the next number, will represent one of the most attractive bonnets of the season.

Pure white kid gloves is again the fashion for full toilet, and *tartatane* is a favorite material for an evening party robe. The cut, for a party *dancer*, is a square neck, quite high on the shoulders and behind, and not low at the front of the neck. It can scarcely be termed *décolleté*, though the sleeve is barely a round flounce extending six inches below the arm-hole; underneath is one very large puff or balloon of tulle, drawn close to the arm, four or five inches above the elbow. The neck is made with a plaiting at the top one and a-half inches wide, below which is a cherry ribbon separating it from a wider plaiting below; and below this still, a plaiting like the top one is repeated. There is a plaiting also at the ends of the short sleeves. These plaitings are headed and divided by cherry-colored ribbon, and the bottom and ends of sleeves are trimmed with an inch wide fall of lace. The waist is square, with a narrow waist-ribbon bound with cherry ribbon; and towards the left side of the *ceinture* is a large double-bow knot, with long,

wide, diagonal-ended lappets, edged with cherry ribbon, and diagonally striped with infinitesimal black velvet ribbon. The skirt is plain one-third below the waist, and the remainder is divided into five flounces, headed and edged with a cherry ribbon and row of very narrow black lace. The goods is white *tartatane*, sprinkled over with black peas. White satin shoes, white kid gloves, with gold bracelets, like large hoops, chased on the surface. Head dress of a turban of cherry-colored silk or velvet, trimmed with gold.

Of jewelry, it is not now the fashion to wear precious stones, except upon occasions of high ceremony, such as a wedding, or in honor of a very distinguished guest. The taste sets in favor of excellency in the artistic designs and chasings of gold jewelry. Unless on great evening occasions, neither ear-rings or necklaces are worn;—nothing but a set of bracelets in the form of a hoop, or wagon-tire, richly chased on the outside and square edges, the shape being like the morning hoop earring, as shown by a cut in the last number of the Home Magazine.

The summer thin goods for robes, such for example as barege and organdy, are repeated in the style of making silks, which are either flounced, or a plain skirt is divided by five rows of pinked ruffles of the same, diminishing in width upward, and two rows on the end of the *pagode* sleeve. The body is pointed, waist rather long, body closed by rows of buttons of same up the front, very narrow lace collar for full toilet, and even the *décolleté* robe noted above has a very narrow white lace ruffle, as a lively and lightsome finish round the top of the neck.

New Publications.

THE BIBLE AND SOCIAL REFORM; OR THE SCRIPTURES AS A MEANS OF CIVILIZATION. By R. H. Tyler, A. M., of Fulton, New York. Philadelphia: Jas. Challen & Son.

The design of this book is to exhibit the power and influence of the Bible in the civilization of the world. The author discusses the genuineness of the Sacred Writings, and proves that they have been handed down to us in the form in which they were originally written, and that they are inspired writings. He then enters upon the subject of the Bible as a means of Civilization, and argues, *pro* and *con*, from the condition of various nations of ancient and modern times, that no nation can become fully civilized without the Bible—that the highest Civilization is where the Bible is most free; and that Civilization always follows the introduction of the Scriptures.

MADemoiselle MORI. A Tale of Modern Rome. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

We have not read this story, but we hear it well spoken of. The scene is laid in Rome during the revolutionary period of 1848-'9; and the leading dramatis personæ are either acting or suffering in the cause of human liberty. Referring to the events of this time, the preface says: "It was written among those who had taken an active share in them. Some of the scenes described in it will be recognized as real occurrences, such as the murder of the two supposed spies by the populace; the attendance of the Roman ladies at the hospital during the siege; the existence of the child-regiment, called *la Speranza*, the flight and pursuit of the traitor, and his rescue by the eloquence of a priest."

THE HISTORY OF FRANCE. By Parke Godwin. Vol. I. (Ancient Gaul.) New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

American authors take rank among the first historians of the world. They have given us some of the best works in this department of literature that are to be found. Prescott, Irving, Bancroft, Motley, and others, stand out in strong relief; and, judging from this first volume of the History of France, Parke Godwin (son-in-law of Bryant, the Poet,) will soon take his place in public estimation where they stand.

This first volume describes ancient Gaul, and closes with the era of Charlemagne. A portion of this period lies in obscurity, but the author has, with great care and industry, brought the leading personages and events into light, so that we see them distinctly. Running through a period of several centuries, we gain a knowledge of the sources of national life, of fundamental races and institutions, and of the events by which direction was given to the national development. This is essential to the right understanding of the character of any people.

The plan of this new history of France contemplates a narrative of events down to the outbreak of the great Revolution of 1789. The second volume will describe Feudal France, closing with St. Louis; the third, France during the national and civil and religious wars; the fourth, France under the ministries of Sully, Mazarin, and Richelieu; the fifth will describe the reign of Louis XIV.; and the sixth give us events in the eighteenth century.

Mr. Godwin writes with an easy grace of style, that is so desirable in history, to the cold details of which so many authors fail to impart warmth and interest.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS. By George Elliott, Author of "Scenes of Clerical Life," and "Adam Bede." New York: *Harper & Brother*.

As we were about closing this department of our Magazine, a new book from the author of "Adam Bede" was laid on our table; and, though yet unread, we must not let its appearance go unannounced in the present number. "Adam Bede" took the world of novel readers by surprise. It was so fresh, so genial, so original. Its characters were new, and yet evident portraits from life. "Who is the author?" was the next question; George Elliott being understood as a name assumed. After many guesses and pointings to known authors, it turned out that the writer was an English lady, Miss Evans by name; and now we have another book from her pen, which, by the time this notice meets the eyes of our readers, will have been read by thousands with delight. We have yet the pleasure of its perusal in reserve.

POEMS, LYRICAL AND IDYLIC. By Edmund Clarence Stedman. New York: *Charles Scribner*.

A little volume, containing poems that show taste, metrical skill, and a delicate fancy.

SAY AND SEAL. By the Authors of the "Wide, Wide World," and "Dollars and Cents." Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

Just as we were going to press last month, these two large volumes of five hundred pages each, were laid on our table; and so, long before we have had an opportunity to speak of them, the public verdict has been given, and this is of the most favorable character. No recent book has had so large a sale, in the same brief space of time, as "Say and Seal." A novelty in its construction, is the fact, that it is the joint work of two women; and so perfect has been the union between the parts, that few, if any, can say where the production of one mind ceased, and that of the other began. The whole book is genial, healthy, and charming. We have heard no one object to its length. The authors have the rare skill to hold their reader's attention, from the first chapter to the last.

THE PIONEERS, PREACHERS, AND PEOPLE OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY. By William Henry Milburn. New York: *Derby & Jackson*.

Whatever the "Blind Preacher" touches, grows instinct with a life and interest. There is a way of looking at things, and a natural eloquence about him, that invests whatever he writes with a charm. His "Rifle, Axe, and Saddle Bags," and his "Ten Years of a Preacher's Life," gave vivid pictures of frontier life; and now we have, in a series of ten well compacted lectures, sketches of early explorers, adventurers, and settlers in the "great valley," making a volume of a most instructive and readable character.

STORIES OF INVENTORS AND DISCOVERERS IN SCIENCE AND THE USEFUL ARTS. A Book for Old and Young. By John Timbs, F.S.A. With Illustrations. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

This is one of the books that we can recommend with a hearty good will, as full of instruction and interest. The glance it gives us of the curiosities of science in earlier times, is very attractive. The view, also, of the struggles, trials, disappointments, and successes of inventors, cannot fail to hold the attention of every one. It is written in a clear, intelligent manner.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF CHRISTOPHER CARSON, THE CELEBRATED ROCKY MOUNTAIN HUNTER AND GUIDE. By Charles Burdett. Fully Illustrated. Philadelphia: *G. G. Evans*.

A book, as the reader may infer from the title, of wild adventure and exciting frontier incidents. It gives pictures of life that are strange, startling, and scarcely to be realized by the quiet denizens of cities and peaceful rural districts.

OLD LEAVES; GATHERED FROM HOUSEHOLD WORDS. By W. Henry Wills. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

A lively, readable book, made up of pleasant articles, originally published in "Household Words." It contains much useful information, conveyed in a very attractive manner.

LETTERS ON THE DIVINE TRINITY, ADDRESSED TO HENRY WARD BEECHER. By B. F. Barrett. New York: *Mason Brothers*.

These ably written letters, on a subject of most vital interest to all Christians, first appeared in the "Swedenborgian," a monthly magazine published in New York, and edited by Mr. Barrett. They give the Swedenborgian doctrine of the Divine Trinity, which is not a trinity of three distinct persons, but a trinity of Love, Wisdom, and Power, in the one person of the Lord Jesus Christ.

A TRIP TO CUBA. By Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields*.

A woman's view of Cuba, spicy, shrewd, independent, and something novel. Mrs. Howe has eyes of her own, and a way of telling what she sees, in language which cannot be complained of for triteness.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields*.

We have part fifth of this entertaining story.

THE FLORENCE STORIES. By Jacob Abbott—Grimkie. New York: *Sheldon & Co.*

This is the second volume in the series of "Florence Stories." Like all of Mr. Abbott's stories, it is practical, natural, useful, and gives healthy reading for the young.

NOTES OF TRAVEL AND STUDY IN ITALY. By Charles Eliot Norton. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields*.

These notes run through 1856 and a part of 1857, and contain the observations of a thoughtful and cultivated mind. Italy, as seen through the eyes of Mr. Norton, has higher points of interest for men of taste, than Italy as seen through ordinary tourists.

CATHARA CLYDE. A Novel. By Inconnus. New York: *Charles Scribner*.

A story with many fine points, and showing the author to possess much knowledge of the human heart. The hand that penned it is not over-skilled in the art; but the promise of higher achievement is good.

Editors' Department.

"ALL GONE."

"I can't stand it any longer," murmured Mrs. Wyman, as she threw herself down on the crimson lounge in her sitting room, and surveyed its tasteless appointments with a dissatisfied gaze. "I must just have a new carpet, and curtains for my sitting room. This ingrain looks shabby enough, and those yellow shades are a disgrace to the front of the house. They'll do well enough for the second best chamber, but I must have a Brussels carpet with lace curtains to match on this room. That pattern was exquisite that I saw this morning; white blossoms, with green leaves scattered over a russet ground. I must get hold of Harry this night, and make him fork over. These men are so hard to get a dollar out of, when they take a notion, and Harry has been so glum and pre-occupied of late, that I've been glad to let him alone. But I shall just make up my mind to go at him to-night, for I must have the carpet and the curtains, before Miss Morgan comes to pass the day with me."

Mrs. Wyman was a pretty woman, somewhere in her early thirties. She went through this monologue, while she was removing her gloves and unfastening her bonnet strings, and brushing her fur cape, and smoothing the fringe of her parasol, for she had been down Broadway, making calls, and pricing carpets at Stewart's.

She was one of that innumerable company of

women whose souls have become enamored of dress and elegance, and a false, showy, luxurious style of living. The great purpose which governed her was to have all her surroundings as smart as her neighbors, or the "set" in which she moved; composed mostly of women with as miserable, petty aims and ambitions as her own.

Mrs. Wyman had been for eight years a wife. Her husband, from a book-keeper had become a junior partner in a large wholesale dry goods firm, and the lady's social pretension had kept pace with the increase of her fortunes.

But, as she sat there, with the twilight drawing its curtains of brown and gold about her, she heard the front door open, and a well-known step along the hall. It paused a moment, and then came heavily up the stairs, and the door opened.

"Oh, Harry, I'm glad to see you, for I've something to say to you."

"Have you—what is it?"

The tones struck her ear coldly, but Mrs. Wyman had set her heart upon a new carpet and curtains, and she resolved not to be frustrated; but she would have paused if she could have seen her husband's white face or the fearful smile with which he answered her.

"Why, I've seen to-day the greatest beauty of a Brussels carpet, and a pair of lace curtains, that I want for the sitting room. You know our old ingrain and shades are not fit to be seen; and besides

Major Morgan's daughter is coming here for a day or two next week, so I want to order them to-morrow. The whole wont cost more than sixty dollars, and you *must* let me have the money."

"*Must!*" Mr. Wyman sat down and laughed—a laugh which fairly made his wife's heart stand still.

"Harry what ails you—what is the matter?"

"Carpet and curtains!" the man muttered, more to himself than to his terrified listener, "when we haven't a roof over our heads, and the sheriff will soon have all the furniture that's under this."

"Oh, Harry, what do you mean?" and now Mrs. Wyman sprang to her feet with a face as white as her husband's.

"It means, Annie," speaking with a slow, distinct, but unnatural utterance, "that I've failed to-day—utterly gone to smash. I'm a ruined man."

Oh, where was her wifely heart, her woman's true, sheltering tenderness, that now in this hour of her husband's need and weakness, she did not spring brave, and strong, and hopeful, his good angel to his side?

Alas! alas! what miserable, selfish, callous hearts, vanity, and pride, and petty ambition will make?

Mrs. Wyman paced up and down the room, and wrung her hands, and sobbed. "Oh, dear! dear! what *shall* we do? I shall never be able to lift up my head again, and all my friends will look at me with scorn. I'll never show my face on the street again. I wish we had all died before this had happened to us!"

A deep, hollow groan, answered her, as her husband buried his face in his hands. Ay—he might well say "all had gone!"

"Papa,—mamma, what is the matter?"

The little voices came softly slipping into the room, and the two little children stood there—a golden-haired, brown-eyed, boy and girl, and their young, sweet faces were filled with wonder and dismay, as they looked at their parents.

"Matter, children," answered the mother, turning wildly upon them. "Your father's failed to-day, and there's no help for us; we must all starve."

The little girl stood still a moment, with wondering, frightened, puzzled thoughts, going in and out of her face. Then she turned, and ran very eagerly up to her father, and endeavored with her small hands to lift up his face, and dipped her little fingers into his thick locks of hair. "Papa!" she cried, "must we starve, you and mamma, and Eddie and I?"

"God only knows, my poor little child!" answered the wretched man, and his tears fell thick into the golden locks which crowned his fair child's head.

And the wife and mother kept on her walk, moaning and sobbing to herself; and thinking mostly of her own mortification, of the social caste which she had lost, and of all those ten thousand

petty trials which her pride must experience, when her husband's failure became known among her fashionable friends.

At last Mr. Wyman rose up, and rushed out of the room, like one driven suddenly mad. He went up stairs. He had nothing to sustain him, neither faith in God nor hope in man; and the wife, to gratify whose tastes he had been reckless and foolhardy in his business relations, had failed him in his sorest straits.

There was the quick, sharp report of a pistol—a heavy fall, and it was "all gone" with Henry Wyman!

This last blow roused the wife from her selfish sorrow; but tears and self-reproaches could not bring back the dead.

Oh, wife or mother, who shall read this story though your riches shall take to themselves wings and fly away, may your heart have precious jewels locked up, and laid away in its closet, so that whatever may be spoken of you on earth, it shall never be said in Heaven "All Gone! All Gone!"

V. F. T.

WORK AND ECONOMY.

When Flaxman married, Sir Joshua Reynolds took it upon himself to say that Ann Denman had "ruined John Flaxman for an artist." But the true wife said to her husband—"A great artist you shall be, and visit Rome, too, if that be really necessary to make you great. "But how?" asked the doubting Flaxman. "Work and economize," rejoined the brave woman. And by patient work, economy, and self-denial, the prophecy was made good.

And thus it will be in all cases of rightly directed purpose in this world. Poverty is a great hindrance, but more in imagination than in reality; for our real wants are few in comparison with those that are only imaginary. Patient work and strict economy are sure to bring success in any pursuit. Marriage is only a hindrance to genius when it brings in worldliness, pride, and a poor social ambition. There are not many Ann Denmans, we are sorry to say, and therefore Sir Joshua was not wrong in the scope of his prophecy, for marriage has ruined many an artist.

THE indignant denial of a newspaper charge of opium eating against the historian Macaulay, was made in this decided language:—"The story which is going the round of your papers, is an impudent lie, without the slightest shadow of a foundation. All the opium that I have swallowed in a life of fifty-three years does not amount to ten grains. * * * I will venture to say that the writer of the letter in which the falsehood first appeared, never approached even the outskirts of the society in which I live, or he would have made his action a little more probable."

LITTLE TRIALS.

"I can bear the great trials, but it is the little ones that chafe and torment me."

How often we hear this remark, and everybody's experience in life will bear witness to its truth!

These little, every day, vexing, chafing, wearing cares, are what tries the soul, and eats like a slow rust, and a silent mildew among the roots and the tender boughs of our lives. But these, too, the little trials of one's temper, and tenderness, and faith, are all appointed of God, for our growth and blossoming, as the small showers are sent to the roots of the plants, as well as the long rains.

And as the loving mother counts nothing mean or small, which has any relation to the well-being of her child, so God takes notice of the burdens we bear every day, which are like a cloud of small, stinging insects, poisoning our souls, and darkening the air about us!

And as these trials are appointed in greater or less measure for all, it becomes us to make our spirits strong, and serene and brave to meet them, and to receive them as the traveler does, the delays, and vexations, and ten thousand annoyances of his journey, knowing they are all "on the way," and will end when he gets home. So our souls must constantly turn to the windows looking westward, far over the mountains which bound their horizon are the green pastures and the sweet flowing waters: and there are no heartaches, no stings, no throbs of pain, no quick burnings of temper, no slow wearing of patience, such as make up what we call in this life "*little trials*."

V. F. T.

THIS LIFE IS NOT ALL SADNESS.

This life is not all sadness;
Its days are not all gloom;
There are many hours of gladness
'Twixt the cradle and the tomb.

There is no wave that rolleth
On the bosom of the lake,
But hath some white foam near it,
When it may chance to break.

If we in our life-sorrows
But lift our eyes to God,
He will mingle countless blessings
With the chast'ning of his rod.

I. F. H.

THE AUTHOR OF JOHN HALIFAX.

An American who visited the author of "*John Halifax, Gentleman*," gives this picture of her:—"Miss Muloch sustains the impression you derive from her book—modest, sensible, sincere. She is tall, slender, with fine blue eyes, light brown hair, clear English complexion, and a face lighted up by sensibility. There is nothing of the strong minded air about her, that indefinable, unmistakable disease with which so many literary ladies are afflicted. She is feminine, as God meant woman to be, and has a soft low voice, which is a very pleasant thing."

A WRONG TO AUTHORS.

As a party interested, we enter our protest against the course of certain publishers in issuing old books with new titles, and announcing them as the authors' latest productions. Besides the injustice of the thing, so far as the author is concerned, it is no better than a fraud upon the public. Recently our volume, entitled "*SIX NIGHTS WITH THE WASHINGTONIANS*," written and published over fifteen years ago, has been put forth by the owners of the copyright as a new book of Temperance Tales, with the title of "*THE TAVERN KEEPER'S VICTIMS*." We have before complained of like acts on the part of publishers holding some of our copyrights. The wrong to the author is a serious one. If his old books are to be foisted on the public with changed titles, as new productions, the sale of his new books must be interfered with seriously, and thus his interests damaged. Viewed in any light, the fact is only to be condemned.

JUNE.

The summer's *Inaugural*; and when her sweet face is clasped to the heart of July, the march of the year will be half completed. Radiant and beautiful, she stands among the sisterhood of months. What brooches of running streams, what glory of blossoms, what joy and melody of songs, are hers, to rejoice the hearts of the children of men.

The year's garments fall from the loom where they were woven, in storm and sunshine, in the silence of gray brooding days, in the loud trumpet clangor of others, and in the solemn holiness of the nights.

Oh, God, all thy works praise Thee! The floods clap their hands, and the hills are joyful together.

V. F. T.

"HONESTY THE BEST POLICY."

Of course it is, taken in its highest, and broadest, and deepest meaning; but in a narrower, more wordly sense, we are not quite so certain about it, and we do honestly believe it a most unsafe, unsound, and dangerous maxim for the young.

Now isn't it so, dear reader? There will certainly come crises to almost every business man's life, when honesty will *not* be the best policy; when he will be much shrewder and wiser according to the wisdom of this world—to take a little advantage here, and "sham" a little there, and make "a good haul" out of that other "wind of good luck." Nay, more, we do believe that the wicked may prosper for a season, that there are many people who live, and flourish, and fatten, on ill-gotten gains, and who perhaps die, without any especial judgment befalling them for their sins.

We believe too, in that good old-fashioned book, the Bible, and that this life *does* have intimate relations with the life that is to come, and that sooner or later "whatsoever a man sows that shall he reap," but not always in this world.

"Honesty the best policy!" Oh, fathers and mothers of children, you must lay the foundations of their characters, deeper and broader than this. They must be laid on the eternal principles of truth, and right, and justice, and they must be made to reason after this wise, when the terrible temptations of selfishness and money-getting, and the greed of life beset them. "Policy!" what has that to do with honesty? I will be true to the eternal right, let come what will. God has declared what my duty is, and I shall do it, let the world stand or fall, and He must look out for the rest.

Such a stand-point as this will alone keep the soul stout and strong, and any principle weaker, and frailer than this will be failure. V. F. T.

SONS OF RICH MEN.

It is lamentable to see, in how few instances the sons of rich men become of any special use in society, or do honor to their parents. The causes are plain. They are not educated to the practice of self-denial; are not required to perform that useful labor by which boys are strengthened for manhood; are not taught, that only in useful employments can men be truly honorable or happy. Money to spend freely, with plenty of time to spend it in, is too often the dangerous attendants on their entrance into the state of early manhood. Is it any wonder that they become proud weaklings, glorying in their shame, or slaves to vices that soon obliterate all true manhood, or social drones to whom the world owes nothing? The wonder would be, if, with such neglect and false education as have attended their youth, a better result were to follow.

Some one, in commenting on the commercial disaster that passed over the country nearly three years ago, said that dispensations of the kind were needed occasionally, in order to save the sons of rich men, by throwing them upon the world, and making them dependent on their own resources. There is a significance in the remark, which is instructive.

The spoiling of rich men's sons, which is now the rule, instead of the exception, is not a necessary result of the fact that their fathers have wealth, and that they have large expectations in the future. The cause lies rather in this, that the sons are not rightly trained, or wisely instructed, either at home or in school. The fathers, in most cases, are too much absorbed in money-making while their boys are young, and their habits and principles taking on the first permanent forms, and the mothers too far lost in fashion, pleasure, and social emulations, to give that wise, earnest, self-devoting attention to their children, that is imperatively required. And so they grow up, neglected at the most salient points, and the enemy gains an entrance, while the sentinels are off their guard. The sons of poor men are, from necessity, early put to work, and useful work becomes as a protecting wall around them. They grow up less exposed, as a general thing, to temptations, with more self-reliance, more endur-

ance, and more skill and purpose; and in after years, when the sons of rich men are taking down stone after stone of their father's fortunes, they are building up edifices of their own. It rarely happens, however, that they prove wiser in their generation, than were those of the generation that preceded them; for it usually happens that their spendthrift children scatter, in a few years, what they gathered through a lifetime of patient labor.

In this view of the case, riches prove to a man oftener a curse than a blessing. We heard a man not long since remark, that it was a misfortune for a boy to have a rich father; and it is true in almost every instance.

There is, in a late number of the Wisconsin Journal of Education, a remark or two in relation to parental duties, that may come in here with good effect:—"The man who raises a family of children, trains them in habits of sobriety and moral rectitude, gives them a liberal scientific and literary education, and prepares them for becoming good and useful citizens, may never acquire a large fortune, and perhaps may be obliged to struggle hard with pecuniary embarrassments in meeting his expenses; but he will have the satisfaction of having done one of the best things that a man can do. And this accomplished, is far more creditable than to acquire a vast amount of riches, to conquer a nation, or to rebuild a destroyed city. The wealth of a Girard, an Astor, or a Rothschild, is a mere bauble compared with the honor that is due to such a parent. The man whose mind is constantly bent on the acquisition of property may, in time, estimate his wealth by the hundred thousand dollars value, but if he raise a family of children that will be fit to be trusted with the estate that he will have to leave to them, he will indeed exhibit a noble instance of good home education."

WHAT AN INVALID SAID TO SOME WILD FLOWERS.

BY FANNY FALES.

O flowers! of the beautiful world ye tell,
Of the pleasant sun, and the grassy dell;
Of young leaves, stirred by the fingers of May,
Of brooks thro' meadows, which ripple and play;
Where the trout at noon, 'neath a jutting tree,
Or rock, hides as safe as a trout can be;
Of the dreamy wood—of the rows of pine,
All over with resinous buds they shine—
Of cool velvet mosses sprinkled with red,
The rustle of leaves where the squirrel sped.

O, darlings of Spring! my foot no more treads,
Where first to her kisses ye lifted your heads;
But I hear the ground-sparrow, robin and jay,
Ye have brought to my room a picture of May.
Ye bring me a voice from the lips of the Past,
Its music too gentle and tender to last;
I hear it no more, tho' I listen and start,
But it whispers thro' you to the ear of my heart—
I'll list it again at the Beautiful Gate,
For she said, when she left, "for you I will wait."
O flowers, fair and sweet! ye have brought to my side,
One sweeter, and fair, who one May morning died.

WOMAN'S MISSION.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

What is a woman's mission?
Wherefore is she of earth?
What angel, of God's myriads,
Presided at her birth?
Was't not meek, pitying Mercy,
Who, with her mystic eye,
Saw through the dim Hereafter—
And knew the by-and-bye?—
When man, in life's stern battle,
Should falter and grow weak,
With marble whiteness on his brow,
And pallor on his cheek;
When, faint with many burdens,
His feet from Right should stray,
And, losing faith in God and Heaven,
He'd leave the Perfect Way!

A woman's voice calls upward,
Her finger points above;
A shield against temptation
Is in her virtuous love;
Respect it, men and fathers!
Respect it, bold young man!
Your mother was a woman, too,
With her your life began.
And, sisters, your true mission
Lies not in halls of state;
Let rougher natures brave the brunt,
And scheme and legislate—
Nor yet upon the battle fields
Amid the roar of guns—
Leave hall and forum, camp and war,
Unto your hardy sons.

'Tis yours to bind the broken heart,
To feed the famished poor;
To see that not a sorrowing one
Goes empty from your door;
To spread abroad sweet love and faith,
To glorify your God,
And lead your children in the way
The happy saints have trod!
To woo the erring back to peace,
To kill intemperate sin;
From the black void of endless death
The God-less soul to win!
To keep alight the beacon fire
Upon the cliffs of hope,
And lead the pilgrim safely up,
Across the treacherous slope.

Yes, this is ours! our work to do!
This is our noble right!
And, Duty, let thy path be clear,
And, Heaven, vouchsafe us light!
And when our men fall back and shrink
Like cowards, from the strife,
'Tis time enough for us to take
The sword, and conquer life!
Full ample time to frame the laws,
And rule the passive state;
Full time to write our names in blood
Among the titled great!
Till then, we'll keep our sacred way
Whatever trials come,
And with our hands upon our hearts
Be priestesses of none.

A NEW STORY BY MISS TOWNSEND.

We shall commence in the next number of the Home Magazine a new story by Miss Townsend, entitled

"DAYS OF MY LIFE."

It will be continued through several numbers.

NIGHT AIR.

In her notes on nursing, Florence Nightingale says, in regard to the common impression that night air is injurious:—"What air can we breathe at night but night air? The choice is between pure night air from without and foul night air from within. Most people prefer the latter. An unaccountable choice. What will they say, if it is proved to be true that fully one-half of all the disease we suffer from is occasioned by people sleeping with their windows shut? An open window most nights in the year can never hurt any one. This is not to say that light is not necessary for recovery. In great cities, night air is often the best and purest air to be had in the twenty-four hours. I could better understand in towns shutting the windows during the day than during the night, for the sake of the sick. The absence of smoke, the quiet, all tend to making night the best time for airing the patient. One of our highest medical authorities on consumption and climate, has told me that the air in London is never so good as after ten o'clock at night. Always air your room, then, from the outside air, if possible. Windows are made to open, doors are made to shut; a truth which seems extremely difficult of apprehension. Every room must be aired from without; every passage from within. But the fewer passages there are in a hospital the better."

DIFFICULTY.

Burke says:—"Difficulty is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental Guardian and Legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, and he loves us better too. He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. This amicable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our subject, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial."

A man of taste has a kind of property in every beautiful thing he sees, and is often more truly the possessor of a picture or a statue than the ostensible owner.

"A man in a passion is like Vesuvius in an eruption—vomiting forth flames and red-hot stones, which descend immediately into its own bosom, till chance directs it over the edge of the crater, to deal destruction to others."

